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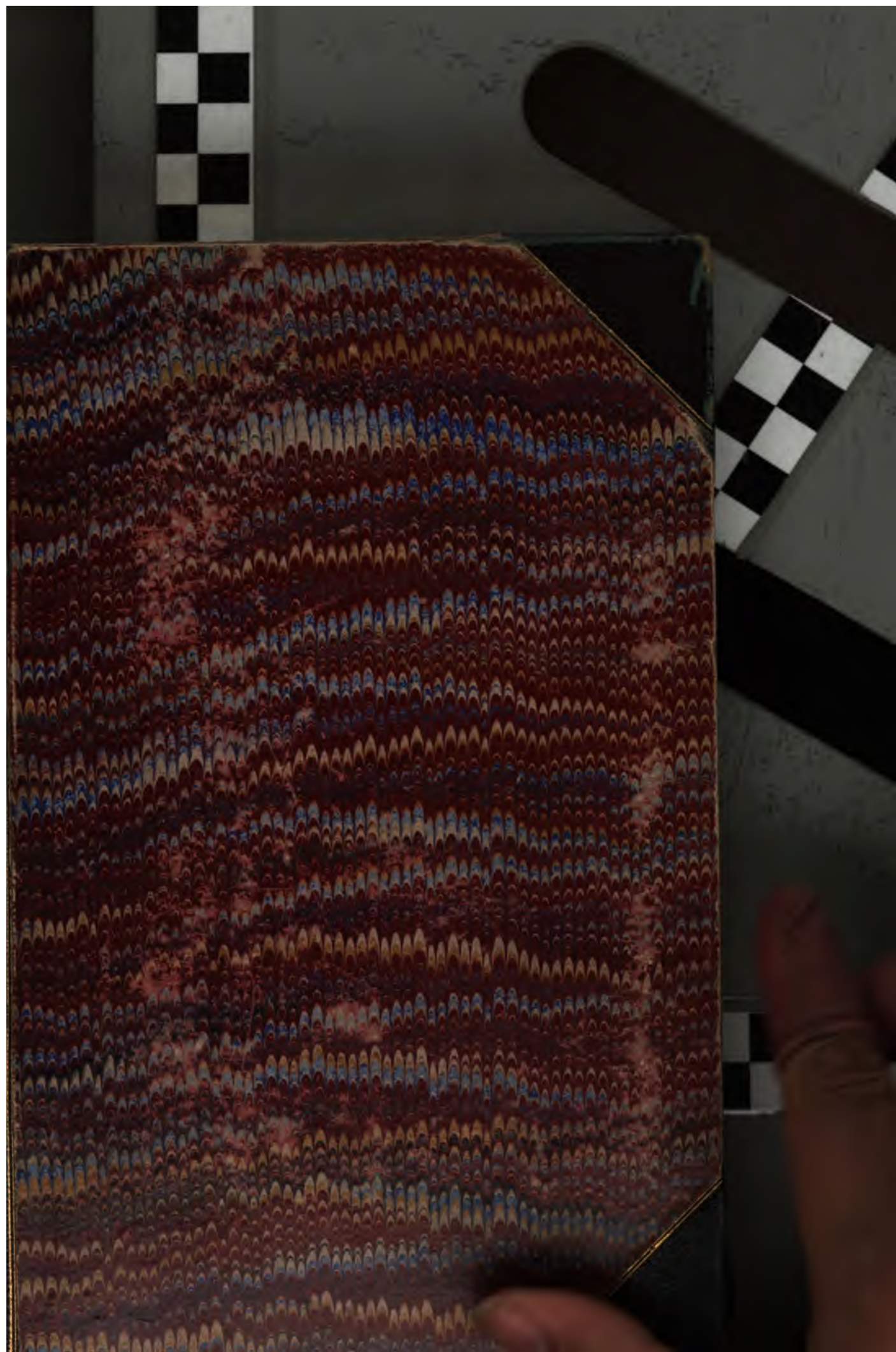
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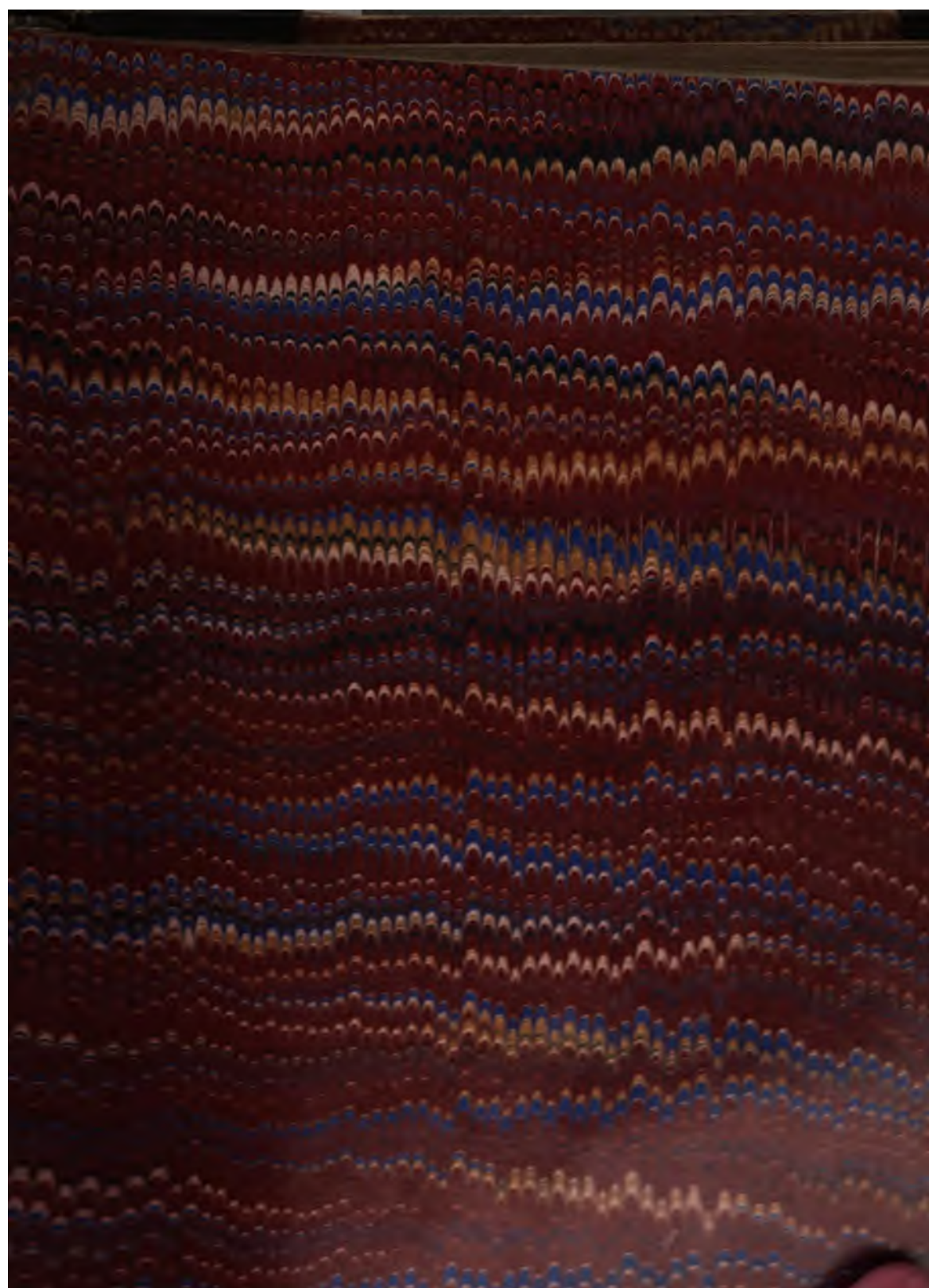
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XXXI

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THE MONTH'S MINDE
OF
A MELANCHOLY LOVER.

BY
ROBERT TOFTE, GENTLEMAN.

(1598.)

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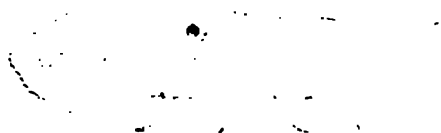
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INTRODUCTION.

THe Bibliographers—earlier and later—have with less or more completeness and less or more accuracy, recorded the title-pages of the various books of ‘Robert Tofte Gentleman’; but no one has so much as tried apparently to recover aught about himself. Even JOSEPH HUNTER’S vast (literary) Waste-paper Basket, yclept ‘Chorus Vatum,’ yields not a single syllable on him—indeed, strange to say, does not even register his name in any one of its numerous lists of names. An additional vexation in pursuing my researches has been the (relatively) abundant notices in all kinds of topographical and genealogical authorities of unremarkable Tufts and Tofts, and especially of the notorious impostor, the ‘Rabbit-Breeder’ Mary Tofts. Over and over I would haphazardly come on the name and expect light; but lo! it was invariably some unsought-for Tuft or Toft or the inevitable Mary Tofts!

By my usual good fortune, I have got at the personality of our Worthy; but alas! little more. As is so frequently the case, a Parish-Register of his death, is the first guiding *item*, as thus:—

Buried at St Andrew’s Holborn
164 $\frac{1}{2}$ Jan. 24 Robert Tofte, Gent, out of Widow
Goodal’s house near Barnard’s Inn.

This entry—which was furnished me by my always-helpful friend Colonel Chester of London—suggested search for his Will; and to my great joy it was almost immediately discovered for me by the same good friend. I have the satisfaction to print it *for the first time*, and *literatim*, as follows (slight punctuation only added):

In the name of God amen Anno dominj one thowsand six hundred and Eighteene and of March the thirtieth. As man ys mortall, so is his fleshe corrupt, and as Deathe is most sure soe is the hower thereof most vncertayne.

B

Nothing is here in this worlde but what is transitorie ; onlie the Soule yf yt doth well enioyeth Immortalitie. To prevent therfore the sommons of sodayne Deathe, mans state beyng so tickle, his life so fickle and his End so doubtfull, I nowe purpose by gods grace to dispose of that litle wealthe which god hath blest me withall, before any suche chaunce should happen, that making an end with this worlde I may live in that other to come which hath no end for ever : Least deferring it from daye to daye I be outtaken of the suddayne with deadlie sicknes and then althoughe I be willing yet cannot I doe what fayne I desire and would. And therfore I ordayne and make this my last will and Testament as foloweth Revoking and Disallowing all other Willes whatsoever : first I Robert Toft of London gent beyng well in bodie and sound in mynde (thanckes vnto the highest for the same) bequeath my soule vnto my Savyoure Jesus Xriste and my bodie to be buried where I shall appoynte, affirming my ffaithe and belcife to be suche as is the auncient Catholicke and Apostolicke faith and Creede and suche as the holie fathers, Patriarkes Prophettes Apostles and Martirs did professe, I knowing and acknowledging my selfe to be a most vile and wretched Synner and that thoroughe synne I haue deserved euerlasting deathe. But by the grace and mercy from aboue hope to enioye eternall life, not beleiving nor once ymmagining to be saved by any Deede or merit of myne owne (for alas good is none nor godlilie can any one doe of hym selfe but onlie by the pafsion and precious blood of oure only Savyoure Jesus Xriste Whoe cam into the worlde to save Repentant Synners, of which number I acknowledge my selfe to be one : And therfore vndoubtedlie perswade my selfe I shalbe saved by his Deathe and that I was borne and predestinated (as beyng his chosen childe) vnto Salvation, and the contrary to this neither the fleshe the worlde nor the Divell hym selfe shalbe able to perswade me, suche and so stronge is my sound faithe in this poynte not vnyke an vnpregnable rocke which is never to be removed come what tempest storme surge waves or Seas whatsoever : As for that smale estate which god hath bestowed vppon me, as yt came from my freindes so will I bestowe yt where I haue found most truest freindshipp. I houlding yt a matter of conscience not to bequeathe yt vnto my neerest kyndred and some other of myne acquayntannce rather then vppon strangers or on some of my kynnesfolkes whose vndeserved vnkyndenes and ingratitude towards me hath estranged my harte from them : first therfore I giue and bequeathe vnto my young Cosin Thomas Vrrie the sonne of Thomas Vrrie of Thorlie Courte in the Isle of Wighte gentleman fyve hundred markes of lawfull english money, which my Executor hereafter named shall paye vnto hym beyng of the age of Twentie one yeres : But yf yt fortune that my Cosin M^ris Jane Vrrie the foresaid Childes mother shall survive her husband Then my will is that she her selfe shall haue the benefitt therof vntill her childe shall come to full yeres, and then to repaye backe agayne the sayed somme of fyve hundred markes vnto hym : And yf the foresayed childe should happen to dye before that tyme (which god forbid) Then my Will is that theise fyve hundred markes shall goe and be vnto my foresayed Cosin his Mother for euer. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto my foresayed young Cosin Thom's Vrrie the yonnger, one ffetherbed one Bolster one Downe pillowe and a Tapistrie Coverlet : All w^{ch} are nowe in the house and Custodie of Robert

Lamborne ffarmer of Trinitie Barton by Winton. Item I giue vnto my foresayed young Cosin Thomas Vrrie one Bason and Ewer of silver and guilte with my Coate or Armes thervppon beyng abowte the valewe of twentie poundes : And yf my Cosin Jane his mother survive hym : Then she to dispose thereof as she shall please. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto my good Aunte M^{rs}. Elizabeth Daye widowe twentie poundes : And to her Daughter my foresayed Cosin Jane Vrrie, a casting bottle of silver and guilte and a fyne pillow beere wroughte ouer with fyne blacke silke and twentie poundes in money. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto my Cosin Mary Daye the nowe widowe of Beniamyn Daye Deceased Twentie poundes : And to my twoe Cosins her Children twentie shillings a peece And to my Cosin M^{rs} Margaret Burrishe her sister a Ryng of twentie shillings, praying her to accept of yt in good parte and not to take exceptions herein, considering the meane estate of her Sister Marye in Respecte of her owne : Item I giue vnto my Cosin Margaret Daye wife vnto my Cosin George Daye of West drayton in the Countie of Middlesex gent a little sweetebagg of Crymson Taffata and an umbrello of perfumed leather with a gould fryndge abowte yt which I broughte out of Italie : Item I giue vnto my litle Cosin John Daye the sonne of my foresayed Cosin George Daye of West drayton twoe hundred poundes in money, one ffeatherbed one Bolster a Downe pillowe a blanket and a duble Coverlett of Arras with the Bedstead Curtaines and vallances belonging to the same : All which stuffe is in my Chaumber at M^{rs} Goodhall's house in Holborne. Item I giue vnto Robert Lamborne ffarmer of Trinitie Barton ffarme by Winton Twentie poundes in money And to Tristram Locke Taylor nowe Dwelling at S^t Croises by Winton Twentie Nobles. Item I giue vnto Mary Vrrye the daughter of William Vrry of Hill place by Thorlie in the Isle of Wight tenne poundes of money : And to Stephen fframpton of Whippingham in the same Iland yeoman, the somme of fyve poundes. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto Dorothe Popley the daughter of Captaine Oliver Popley Deceased, the somme of one hundred poundes of lawfull Englishe money to be payed to her either at the Daye of her marriage or when she shalbe twentie one yeres old : Provided that the saied hundred poundes be put out to maynetayne her till she be marryed and that she will fullie cast not her selfe awaye in marriage but have the good Will of my Executor hereafter named abowte her choice. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto the aforesayed Dorothe Popley all suche of my plate as shall haue theise twoe Letters D : and P : vppon the same and halfe of all my Lynnen whatsoever : And the other halfe of my Lynnen, I giue and bequeathe vnto my goddaughter Rebecca Hancock and fyve poundes in money. And so likewise I giue unto Hester Hancock her Sister fyve poundes more, I say fyve poundes. Item I giue unto the righte worshippfull S^r. Anthony Benn my kynnesman and nowe Recorder of London, a gould Ryng with a turkey stone therein, Desyryng hym to weare yt for my sake. And to my Cosin Anna-bella Benn his Daughter a litle ffrenche Chayne or Bracelett of gould. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto the righte vertuous the Ladie Jane Benn, To myne old cosin M^{rs}. Elizabeth Benn widowe, To my Cosin Mary Benn and to her twoe sisters all fyve in number, to eache of them a gould Ryng enamiled of an Anngell price, with this posie engraven : Donum Morientis Amicj. Item I will and

bequeathe three poundes to the poore of S^t Andrewes parische in Holbourne whereof I will that three poundes of the same be bestowed on the poore of Whites Alley in the same parische and of the sayed three poundes goodman Maddox or his wife to have thurteen shillings fower pence yf either of them be then living, and all suche freewood as I shall then leave, to be bestowed amongst them. Item I give to every servant then beeing in the house where I shall happen to die five shillings a peece and fortie shillings to that parische wherein I shall determine to be buried. Lastlie I give and bequeathe vnto my loving Cousin George Daye the elder of West Wynton in Midd. gent whome I make and appointe my sole Executor of this my last will and Testament All my goods Lienes Chancelis Leases money plate and all what soever els is myne except onlie what I have before given and is by me allreadie given in this my last will and Testie: And I appointe my Cousin M^r. Thomas Vrie of Thorlie the elder myne Overseer, vnto whom for his paynes I bequeathe the Somme of three poundes. As for my debtes, I thanke god they are none, yet are there some poore men that owe me money, but because of theire disabilitye and want I request myne Executor not to demand any thing of them in my name but only of suche men as are very sufficient to paye and soe honest as I doubte not but that they w^ld be willing to repaie my money kyndelic vnto hym with whose handes (for gods grace) hereafter I will requyte my foresayd Executor, I hartelic desyring and requyring hym to paye all the foresayd Legaceys mentioned by me before in this my last will within sixe Monethes at the furthest after my death. As for the Charges of my funeralls which I wishe to be suche as shalbe fitting for me: I referre vnto my Executor's discretion to whome I shall have sufficient to defraye the same every waye. And withall (I hope) a kynde testimonye of my love and good will towards hym, I leaving divers things unmentioned in this my last will vnto hym amounting vnto a good somme of money. And thus once more praying and desyring hym to see satisfied and performed theise foresayd Legaceys by me bequethed after my death and beseeching god to forgive me as I forgive every one in this world, I committ myselfe whollie to his Divine protection and power: And so I end this my last will and Testament the daye and yere above written, I having set my hand and seale therunto in the presence of theise two witneses whose names are vnderwritten, Robert Tofte. Sealed and subscribed in the presence of Jo Hazzoocke, Thomas Howues.

Probatum fuit testamentum superscriptum apud London coram venerabili viro D^{no} Will^{mo} Bind milite legum doctore Curie Prerogative Cantuariensis Magistro Custode siue Commissario legitime constituto Tertio die mensis Januarij Anno Domini iuxta cursum et computac'o'em Eccleie Anglicane Millesimo sexcentulmo Decimo Nono Juramento Georgij Daye Executoris in eodem Testamento nominat. Cui comissa fuit Administrac'o' bonorum Jur et Creditorum dicti defuncti de bene et fideliter administrand &c. ad sancta Dei Evangelia Jur.

There can be no doubt of the identity of our Robert Tofte with the Robert Tofte of the burial register entry, and of the

Will. With reference to the former, it so happens that he dates his *Blazon of Jealousie*, (1615) "From my lodging in Holborne," while the latter includes among its names the Day family as relatives, thus explaining how, among the commendatory poems before 'Alba,' there is one signed 'Richard Day,' who was probably a son of William Day, Bishop of Winchester; and so of the Days in the Will, *ut infra*. The incidental mention of one little bequest as brought from Italy likewise tallies with his coming and going thither, and the dating of his several poems from the chief cities of Italy, *e.g.*, Roma, Venice, Florence (Fiorenza), Pisa, Mantua (Mantua), Padoa, (Padua), Napoli, Sienna, Pesaro.

Of the names that occur in the Will, I have only been able to ascertain these slight *data*—Thomas Urrey (sometimes Urry or Urrie) of Gatcombe, Isle of Wight (son of David Urrey of Thorley, Isle of Wight) married as his second wife Jane, daughter of Thomas Day of Drayton, in the County of Sussex*—according to the pedigree in Berry's *Hants*, not West Drayton, Middlesex, as in the Will—nephew of Bishop Day (there were two brothers, George Day, Bishop of Chichester, who died in 1556, and the already-noted William Day, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 1596). It would thus appear that our Poet's 'aunt' Elizabeth Day was sister of Thomas Day (*ut supra*). She occurs in the Bishop of Winchester's Will.†

* The Vicar of Thorley (Rev. Abraham Peat, M.A.,) informs me that in his Register is the following entry—"Mr. Thomas Urry Gent: died 25^o Dec^r. 1631," and that there is a monumental brass to his memory in the Mortuary Chapel of Thorley.

† The Will of Bishop William Daye is at Somerset House (72 Drake). It is dated 11th September 1596, confirmed 15th September 1596, proved 2nd October 1596. Besides legacies and provision for his wife (no name), and his son William, and daughters Elizabeth, Ridley, Suzanna, Rachell, he leaves to his son Richard (Tofte's commendator and friend) "all his books, save such English books as his son William shall choose," and the residue of his estate between his sons "William and Richard."

SIR ANTHONY BENN, Recorder of Kingston on Thames and subsequently Recorder of London, was a somewhat notable personage in his day. He died 29th September 1618, in his fiftieth year, and was buried on the 30th at Kingston. A monument was there erected by his widow 'Lady Jane' but who she was does not appear. Their daughter Ammabell was baptized at Kingston 3rd September 1607. She became the wife of Francis (Fane) Earl of Westmoreland. "My old cousin Mrs. Elizabeth Benn widow" was no doubt the "Mrs. Elizabeth Benne widow" who was buried at Kingston 20 August 1621. The Will of Sir Anthony Benn gives no clue to his connection with Tofte.*

It is but a dim glimpse these slender new facts afford us. May they lead to more from fellow-inquirers!

Equally shadowy is our information on what must have been — if his poems are to be credited — a main factor in the life of 'Robert Tofte Gentleman,' to wit, his fruitless love and 'wooing' of that fair lady to whom in his surreptitiously published first volume he gave the name of 'Laura,' and in his self-published one in the same strain, 'Alba,' and in both furnished her real name, married or maiden, as thus in 'Laura' (2nd Part, xxxiii) :

" 'gainst all fense makes mee of CARE and IL,
More than of good and Comfort to have will,"

and so in 'Alba' (p. 70, st. 4) :

"Then constant CARE, not Comfort I do craue,
And (might I chufe) I CARE with L. would haue."

Super-added to this — as in his Bibliographical Catalogue recorded by Mr. J. Payne Collier — is an apparent localiza-

* His Will is also at Somerset House (97 Meade). It is dated 26th April 1618, and was proved 28th October 1618. To his wife and mother he leaves "lands, goods, and monies," and to his son Charles, eventually, "all his lands," &c. To his daughter Amabell — remembered by Tofte — he leaves 2,000*l.* at age of seventeen, "and to be guided by her mother in bestowing herself in marriage." In the event of the death of the aforesaid Charles, she was also to inherit the estates, &c.

tion of this 'Carill' or 'Caryll' in Warrington, Lancashire (p. 48, st. 3):

"WAR IN that TOWNE, LOVE Lord like, keepeth stil,
Yet she (ore him) triumphs with chafteft will."

Three of our best Lancashire antiquaries, after painstaking enquiries and consultation of their full 'Notes' for me, can trace no Careill, Carill or Caryll in either Warrington or Lancashire. The only Caryll of about this period whom we can in any way associate with the part of Lancashire in which Warrington is situated, is Mary Caryll, daughter and coheiress of Sir Thomas Caryll, Knt., of Bentone, in the county of Sussex. She married Sir Richard Molyneux of Sefton, near Liverpool, afterwards Viscount Molyneux, and was mother of Richard, second Viscount, killed in the battle of Worcester, 1651, and of Caryll, third Viscount Molyneux. There is the other difficulty, that while certainly '*Warre in that town*' does seem to point out Warrington, the Poet himself can never have been there or known the district, seeing that he makes the 'Mersey' fall into the 'Trent' — as noticed in our Notes and Illustrations on the place (p. 13, Answer, ll. 2, 4).^{*} As also noted therein, the lady must have been a 'young widow' with a posthumously born child (p. 24, st. 1). It seems clear that she refused her ecstatic lover until the bitter end, and that he died a bachelor, having not loved wisely but too well. The impression left on one is that the Lady held herself for higher than her wooer; but 'played' with him after a womanishly capricious not to say cruel sort. I suspect 'Robert Tofte Gentleman' was — if the vulgarism be allowable — spoony. More self-respecting manhood and less sentimental lack-a-

^{*} One might imagine the name Mersey to have slipped in by mistake for 'Devon,' a river which really does flow into the Trent, and near which I. M. must have lived. Since the 'Mersey' occurs in each of the two next pages, and must have been habitually in Tofte's mind, it is at least possible that it was here inadvertently written. He designates his 'Alba's' home a 'Northwest Village.' (p. 28, st. 2.)

daisical whining had perchance succeeded better. But more on this onward, in the light of another poem by Tofte.

I would now notice the title-pages of Tofte's successive books:

- (a) LAURA, 1597 — see it *literatim* on page xxvi, onward of this Introduction. (sm. 12mo.)
- (b) ALBA, 1598 — see it *literatim* on page 1 of our present reproduction. (sm. 12mo.)
- (c) Orlando innamorato. The three first Bookes of that famous Noble Gentleman and learned Poet, Mathew Maria Boiardo Earle of Scandiano in Lombardie. Done into English Heroicall verse. By R. T. Gentleman. Parendo impero Imperando pereco. Printed at London by Valentine Sims, dwelling on Adling hil at the signe of the white Swanne. 1598. (sm. 4to.)
- (d) OF MARIAGE AND WIUNG. An Excellent, pleasant, and Philosophical Controverfie, betweene the two famous Taffi now liuing, the one Hercules the Philosopher, the other, Torquato the Poet. Done into English by R. T. Gentleman. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Iohn Smythicke, at his shop in Fleet streete near the Temple Gate. 1599. (cr. 8vo.)
- (e) ARIOSTOS SATYRES in feuen famous Discourfes, shewing the State, 1. Of the Court and Courtiers. 2. Of Libertie and the Clergie in generall. 3. Of the Romaine Clergie. 4. Of Marriage. 5. Of Soldiers Mufitians and Lovers. 6. Of Schoolmasters and Scholers. 7. Of Honour and the happiest Life. In English by Gervis Markham. London Printed by Nicholas Okes for Roger Jackson. 1608. (sm. 4to.)
- (f) HONOURS ACADEMIE. On the famous Pastorall, of the Faire Shepheardeffe Ivlietta. A worke admirable, and rare, Sententious and graue: and no

lesse profitable, then pleasant to peruse. Imprinted at London by Thomas Creede. 1610. (sm. folio.)

(g) **BENEDETTO VARCHI'S, THE BLASON OF IEALOVSIIE,** translated into English, with special Notes, by R. T. London Printed by T. S. for John Busbie. 1615. (sm. 4to.)

Before examining 'Laura' and 'Alba,' it may not be deemed superfluous briefly to notice these other books, all of which are substantially 'translations' from Italian.

'Orlando Inamorato' is singularly unequal; but shews familiarity with the language and dexterity of versification. Any one who comes across it, might do worse than 'study' it. I found myself ever and anon marking a felicitous image, or a resonant Drydenic line and even couplet. I limit myself to the opening and close. These as containing personal references to 'Alba' and to one of the Poet's other lady friends, BROOKE, are of interest. In the 'Argument' (st. 2, 3) we have this:

" Famous Orlando was the Man I meane,
And faire Angelica that vſde him fo,
Theſe two muſt be the ſubieſt of my Theame,
If my deare ALBA ſo much fauor ſhow,
Who in her hate to mee is too extreame,
(Like ſea that neuer ebbes, but ſtill doth flow)
My comfort's this, though high my Thoughts be plac't,
If I obtaine not, None ſhall, Shee's ſo chaſte.

And thou faire Brooke, whence ſprings ech ſweet Conceit,
Where Beautie bides in her perfection,
Thy Gracious Aſpect humblie I entreat,
(As happy Planet) me to ſhine vpon,
Whiſt I in Others, of thy ſelfe repeat,
Volumes of Praise, due to thee long ago." (p. 2.)

The 'Conclusion' thus runs:

" Faire Shadowe of a Substance paſſing Faire,
The Picture of my Miſtris Excellence,
Receiue theſe lines impoliſhed and bare,
For vnto thee, and none elſe are they meant,
Daine to accept them what ſo ere they are,
Since for thy ſake, few idle houres I ſpent :

So cristall-like, still cleare may run thy BROOKE,
Worthy, on whom all eyes may gaze and looke.

The time may come (ah that t'wold not be long)
If my dread ALBA, leane in cruell wife,
My harmlesse heart (ne're stainde for faith) to wrong,
My Muse now dead, againe to life shall rise,
Singing anew, Orlando's louely song,
Through vertue of those Diamond sparkes, her eyes,
When her and thee, Love's Twins borne of Delight,
He (Herald-like) display, in Coullours right."

Il Disgratiato.

R. T. G.

It would seem that *Orlando Inamorato* preceded *Alba* of the same year (1598), and that *Alba* was the speedy fulfilment of the hope in the line above, "The time may come (ah, that t'wold not be long)." Had I not better things to give from his other writings, I might have been tempted to linger over 'Orlando Inamorato.' It is not so uncommon as the rest of his poems. A copy is in the British Museum — as indeed there are of all save the real rarities of 'Laura' and 'Alba.'

'Of Mariage and Wiuing' is extrinsically interesting, as shewing how Tofte's whole thoughts ran on the same lines, whether he was 'translating' or poetizing for himself. There are 'girds' at woman in the two Tasso tractates that it is manifest gave the Translator a spice of pleasure to make 'speak English,' as thus :

(Friend) marry when thou please, yet shalt thou find
Thy wife bad alwaies, and but vse her ill
And she is worfe, but vse her well and kind
She is worfer then, and so continue will :
Yet is she good (if she but once would die)
But better, if she packt before thy selfe,
But best of all, if she went speedily,
Leauing behind to thee her hoorded wealth.

What so he be that takes a wife !
Is sure to take griefe, sorrow, paine and strife.
What so he be that wants a wife,
Is sure to want griefe, sorrow, paine and strife.

Man's bodie, goods, his soule and strength,
His sight, his voice and all,
Wife destroies, consumes, kills, foyles,
Blindes, mars, and makes him thrall.

To cogge and lie, to whine and crie,
To prate and neuer blin ;
To spin and weaue, shift and deceaue,
These women's dowries bin.

A Woman's Sathan's Firebrand hot,
A stinging Rose corrupt, a poyson sweete,
Readie to do amiffe, though shee's forbid,
Prone to all ill, but for what's good, vnmeete.

Wo vnto thee and double smart,
If to a wife once yoakt thou art.

Of course the most luscious grapes are sour when the fox can't reach them !

'Ariosto's Satyres' bear on their title-page the venerable name of Gervas Markham. Ordinarily one would have accepted this as final on the authorship of a given book. But Tofte, in his Epistle "To the Courteous Reader" prefixed to his translation of Varchi's *Blazon of Jealousie*, thus reclaims the book for his:—"Courteous Reader, I had thought for thy better contentment, to haue inserted (at the end of this Booke) the difasterous fall of three noble Romane Gentlemen, ouerthrowne thorow IEALOUSIE, in their Loues; but, the same was, (with ARIOSTO'S SATYRES translated by mee out of Italian into English Verfe, and Notes vpon the same) Printed without my consent or knowledge, in another man's name : so that I might iustly (although not so worthily) complaine as Virgil doeth :

Hos ego Verficulos feci tulit alter honores."

All I will say is that Gervas (or Jervis) Markham was a 'fine old English gentleman all of the olden time,' and a most industrious toiler with a vivid poetical faculty of his own ; and I for one will be slow to believe that it was other than a Bookseller's trick that placed his popular name on this

title-page — never possibly himself. It so chanced that I have seen no exemplar of the work that contains the story of the 'disasterous fall' mentioned by Tofte as accompanying the 'Satyres.' But a 'story' kin with them is appended — as we shall see — to the *Blazon of Iealousie*. There are good *bits* in these 'seuen famous Discourses,' and the versification is at once facile and faithful, and the 'Notes' matterful.

"Honovrs Academie" I tried valiantly to read; but it beat me. I found it so far from "admirable and rare, fententious and grave, and no lesse profitable than pleasant to peruse," that it early proved tedious and ill put together. The verse especially is cumbrous and unmusical.

The "Blazon of Iealousie" owes nearly its entire *quickness* to-day, to its numerous marginal notes. The original is itself thin and poor, save in occasional gleams; but the 'Notes' must arrest the most cursory Reader. And yet I do not find that our literary authorities know anything about them. Even the Bibliographers, *e.g.*, Collier and Hazlitt, fail to mention them. I have gleaned such as belong to contemporary English literature.

First of all comes the rest of the Epistle "To the Covrteous Reader," with its pleasant praise of Gascoigne and Turberville. As before quoted, he has mentioned his intention to have added "the disasterous fall of three noble Romane Gentlemen," and its suppression for reason given. He then proceeds — "In lieu whereof, I make bold to acquaint thee with another like Subiect, of an English Gentleman, a quondam deare and neare friend of mine, who was so strangely possesst with this Fiend IEALOUSIE, as (not many yeeres since) through a meere fantastique and conceited Suspicion, after hee had long enioyed the friendship of a fayre Gentlewomen, he (on the sodaine) stroake her off, and vtterly forfooke her, sending her (for her last Farewell) this most bitter and vnkinde LETTER following, vpbraiding her with many extraordinary Courtcsies done vnto her by him :

which she tooke so inwardly at the Heart, as it cost her her best life, and hee had (almost) cast away himselfe, through that rash and strange course hee tooke. A Caveat for all young Gentlewomen to take heed how they settle their affection on such humerous young Youths, as are not well stayed, nor settled in their mindes, remembring this saying :

' Too oft 'tis seene, that Lovꝛ, in yong men lyes,
Not (truely) in their Hearts, but in their Eyes.'

"As for the Verse, I must confesse tis like the old Venetian Hofe, of an auncient fashion : but thou must consider, that some (though not many) yeeres are past and gone, since this was made : at what time, it was well liked and much fought after. But this nice Age, wherein wee now liue, hath brought more neate and terse Wits, into the World : yet must not old GEORGE GASCOIGNE, and Turberuill, with such others, be altogether reiected, since they first broke the Ice for our quainter Poets that now write, that they might the more safer swimme in the maine Ocean of sweet Poesie : and therefore, all old things must not be cast away, because they may now and then, stand vs in some stead. The world is mutable, and still changeth, and it hath been often seene, that Eue's worne Kirtle, hath made old Adam a new payre of Breeches. And thus hoping thou wilt shew thy selfe to be of a right gentle spaniel's kinde, and not proue a snarling Mungrill Mastiffe, I wish no worse vnto thee, then thou doest to thy selfe. R. T."

In the marginal notes (*ut supra*) there are memorable quotations illustrative of the text. Passing from the commencement onward, these following have struck me as specially worthy of preservation and revival. By help of willing friends I am enabled to place within brackets [] nearly all their sources.

(1.) "As one saith : [George Chapman : Hymnus in Cynthiam, 1594.]

The Minde hath in it selfe a Deitie
And in the stretchy circle of the eye

All things are compast, all things present still :
Will fram'd to power doth make vs what we will. (p. 3.)

(2.)

Loue is a Friend, a Foe, a Heauen, a Hell,
Where Pleasure, Paine, Griefe and Repentance dwell. (p. 3.)

(3.) "whereupon an English Poet, setting downe the difference betwixt Will and Wit, writes: [Sir John Davies, *Nosce Teipsum*: vol. i, p. 78, F. W. Lby. ed.]

Will holds the royall Sceptor in the Soule,
And o'er the Passions of the Heart doth raigne.
Wit is the Mind's chiefe Iudge, which doth controule
Of Fancie's Court, the iudgement false and vaine.
Will puts in practise what the Wit deuifeth,
Will euer acts and Wit contemplates still :
And as in Wit the power of Wifedome riseth,
All other Vertues, Daughters are to Will. (p. 4.)

(4.) 'Beautie' — "of which subiect the immortal *Muse* of our euer memorable *Spenser* singeth thus: [*Fairy Queen*; B. v, c. 8, st. 1.]

'Nought under heauen,' &c. (*Ibid.*)

(5.) In note p. 6, again notes his translation of Ariosto 'in another man's name.'

(6.) "Of Care one prettily and briefly writes thus :

'Men dye, and humane kinde doth passe away,
Yet Care, that makes them die, doth euer stay.'

And mine old Acquaintance and Friend, Mr. Henry Cunnestable, hauing set downe this Passion in her right colours, I could not chuse but acquaint the Reader therewith. [*Diana*, Dec. 5. Son. 7; this is one of the Sonnets modern Editors take from Constable.]

'Care, the censuring canker,' &c. (p. 10.)

(7.) "The Fiend Jelousie, a *quondam* kinde Acquaintance of mine, *Mr. Thomas Watson*, paynteth forth very liuely in these Verfes :

'Pale Iealousie childe of insatiate Loue,' &c. (p. 11.)

[This is not Watson's, but is taken from Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 1596, the first form of the Barons' Wars.]

(8.) "Therefore very wittily faith one to this purpose :

'Pleasures, like posting guests, make but small stay,
Where Griefes bide long and leaue a score to pay.' (p. 16.)

(9.) "who knoweth not, that

'Reports, at randome runne, whilst Truth they misse
And Hear-say some to a Lyer counted is.' (p. 19.)

(10.) "according to the saying of a certaine graue and wise Gentleman :

'Vntainted Honor (not long life) the treasure is
Which noble mindes doe hold to be their chiefeft blisse.' (p. 21.)

(11.) "Indeede I am of opinion, that the most worthlesse persons are alwayes most subiect to this infectious Disease of Jealousie, as Mr. George Wither rightly saith: [*Abuses Stript and Whipt*, B. i, Sat. 7.]

'There is none Iealous I darst pawne my life
But hee that hath defilde another's wife.' (p. 22.)

(12.) "For there [the heart] is her chiefe mansion house according to the opinion of a Gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, who to this effect, writeth thus: [Anonymous in the *Phoenix Nest*, 1593.]

'A seeming Friend, but Enemie to Rest,
A wrangling Passion, yet a gladsome thought;
A bad Companion, yet a welcome Ghest,
A Knowledge wisht, yet found too soone vnought;
From Heauen suppos'd but (sure) sprung first from Hell,
Is Iealousie, and there (forlorne) doth dwell.
From thence shee sends fond Feare, and false suspect,
To haunt our thoughts, bewitched with mistrust,
Which breeds in vs the Issue and Effect,
Both of Conceit and Fiction most uniuert:
The griefe, the shame, the smart thereof doth proue
That Iealousie is Death and Hell to Loue.
For what but Hell, moues in the Iealous Heart
When restlesse feare workes out all sugred ioyes,
Which doth both quench and kill that louing part,
And cloyes the minde, with worse then knowne annoyes,
Whose pleasure farre exceeds Hells deepe Extreames
Such life leades Loue, entangled with Misdeames.' (p. 41.)

(13.) "The worth of Poets & Poetrie, can neuer be sufficiently commended enough, although this Iron age hath nothing more in contempt, which is not the fault of Scholers but of those dull Midasses now liuing, who make so small account of them, and therefore in passing, well said hee that wrote this Distique: [From Drayton's Epistle of the Earl of Surrey to the Lady Geraldine.]

'The man that scorneth Poets, and Art's Schoole,
Lackes but a long Coate to be Nature's Foole.'

Yet in despight of these worse than nasty Taylors, that keepe such store of wealth in their bard Closets, and secret places, far darker than Lymbo it selfe, for those that deserue it better every way than themselves (and all which dung-hill muck is nothing but the base Excrements of their stinking Earth) I will set downe here the worke of a Poet (more in value by most than their Idolatrous trash) as that sweet Muse of his (who not vnworthily beareth the name of the cheifest Archangell) [*i.e.*, *Michael Drayton*], singeth after this soule-rauishing manner:

'When Heauen w'd strue to doe the least shee can
And put an Angell's spirit into a man,
Then all her powers shee in that worke doth spend
When shee a Poet to the world doth send;

The difference onely twixt the God and Vs,
 Allow'd by them, is but distinguishing thus ;
 They give them breath, Men by their Power are borne,
 That life they giue the Poet doth adorne :
 And for the world, when they diffolue man's breath,
 They in the world doe giue Man life in death.' (p. 48.)

(14.) "Therefore I wil be bold to defcant vpon it thus : [Chapman's *Hero and Leander*, Sest. 3.]

'What is not Loue ? tis all Vertue and Vice,
 Humble, proud, witty, foolish, kinde and nice ;
 A golden bubble, blowne big with idle Dreames,
 That waking breakes, and fils vs with Extreames.'

Or rather thus :

'Loue backward speld (put I for O) is Evil,
 Add D before the same and tis the Devil.
 A Devil 'tis and mischief such doth worke
 As neuer yet did Pagan, Iew, nor Turke.' (p. 50.)

(15.) There is a droll story of a jealous swain who killed a stranger, with this note. 'I will tell them in their owne natural and mother tongue what our Countryman young Master Wither writes :

(Whose pleasing Satyres neuer shall decay
 But flourish greene, like laurell and the Bay.)'
 "In gross saythe hee, and vaine for to vpholde,
 That all reports which Trauellers vnfolde
 Of forraine Lands, are lyes," &c. (p. 57.)

Besides the delightfully chatty 'Notes' which over-flow into almost every margin of every page, there is not a little that is noteworthy in the appended poem entitled — "*The Fruits of Jealousie*. Contayning the disastrous Chance of two English Louers, ouer-throwne through meere Conceit of Jealousie: as in the Epistle afore-going to the Reader, you may perceiue more at large." I have a shrewd suspicion from the odd *realism* of incident, circumstance and experience, that spite of his guising and disguising words about a 'quondam acquaintance,' we really have in this singular poem the over-true tale of the upshot of Tofte's *Love's Labour Lost* in his wooing of Euphemia Carill, *alias* Laura and Alba. The vehement Epistle thus opens :

"Since thou (false Dame) dost force me write,
 Who dost my Loue reward with spight :

Since thou didst (first) the knot vntye,
 Where Loue (long knit) twixt vs did lie :
 Since (carelesse) thou didst (first) him loofe,
 Whom thou (for euer) Friend didst choofe ;
 Then thinke not much, although I take
 My Penne in hand defence to make,
 To cleare my selfe from euery Crime,
 Committed by fond Lightnesse thine,
 Although thou make me (wronged) beare
 The *Willow Garland* which I weare."

The 'Willow Garland' is thus worked into each stanza or division. I assume that the following lines are meant to put the Reader off the scent from Laura or Alba by a fictitious lowly parentage. I say 'parentage'; for the word 'Husband' must either have slipped in inadvertently for 'father,' or have been used with another meaning than that of 'spouse.' Had she had a (living) husband she could not have been addressed as she is throughout the poem.

" I then (in prinate) cran'd of thee,
 Thy Husband's Trade and Miftery.
 Thy answere was a Milliner,
 That folde small wares, and smal flight geere :
 Yet open shop not much kept hee,
 But to his Friends folde priuily." (p. 69.)

I will now leave further successive representative-quotations to speak for themselves :

1. " And though I stand in my defence
 And quit my selfe through Innocence ;
 Suppose not yet, this speech I make
 That thou shouldst pittie on mee take ;
 For I disdayne so much thy Change,
 (Though but of late, thou gannc to range)
 That I doe loath to heare from thee
 Much more thy flattering Face to see :
 So much thy dealing I detest,
 That I haue (now) set vp my Rest ;
 Although thou thinking me to grieue
 The Willow-garland dost me giue." (pp. 65-6.)
2. " First when I view'd thy heavenly Face,
 Thy seemly Stature, gallant Grace,

Thy Haire like curled wyre of Gold,
 Thine Eyes like Starres in Winter cold,
 Thy milky Necke, thy comely Nose,
 Thy Colour, Lilly mixt with Rose,
 Thy Shoulders slender, and yet strong,
 Thy supple Hand, and Fingers long,
 Thy straigh' cleane Legge, thy pretty Foote,
 Like to the noble Cedar roote ;

I thought not once then in my minde
 The *Willow Garland* for to finde." (p. 67.)

3. " The Melancholy vaine then best
 Did mee content of all the rest ;
 Oft in that Humor walk't I lone,
 Which bred me mirth, yet made me moane ;
 It brought me ioy, yet made me sad,
 It bred me woe, yet made me glad :
 Oh how it did me, mickell good,
 To chew vpon that solemne cud,
 In vncouth places, where did grow
 The palish Willowes, all a-row :
 Full little thinking in that stound
 With *Willow Garland* to be crown'd." (p. 70.)
4. " How oft in filed Prose and Verse
 Did I thy worth'lesse praise rehearse !
 I famous made thee first of all,
 When countenance thine god knowes was small :
 And by such toyes as I had pend
 Each one thy perfon did commend. (p. 71.)

I intercalate that 'Toyes' is the sub-title of 'Laura' (1597). There follow queer *bits* on 'bankets,' including purchase of a gift of a pound of cherries that cost him £5 ! He also plays on his pet name of 'Robin Red Brest'—

5. " So didst thou sweare thou wouldst be fed,
 With Birds, such as, whose brefts be *Red* ;
 In secret thou to me didst tell,
 They 'greed with thee in stomacke well :
 Thou saidst, their flesh was tender, white,
 And in digestion they were light,
 That thou didst like and loue them best,
 And didst preferre them, 'fore the rest,
 Thou saidst that thee no Fowle did please,
 Nor Princely Dish, so well as these :

And wisht that they might neuer feed
On *Willow-Garland's* bitter feed. (p. 74.)

6. " Yet th' appetite so bad now is
As thou must take another Dish ;
Too long thou hast on ROBBINS fed,
Now loathsome are those Birds so RED :
A PIG forfooth, now eat thou must
Els loft will be thy wanton lust,
Indeed, meat fit for such as thou,
Thou feedst on thine owne kinde as now ;
On such like stuffe still mayst thou feede
That still dost wauer as a Reede,
And mak'ft me weare with grieve of minde,
The *Willow-garland* most vnkinde." (p. 75.)

He will go on the 'Indian Voyage to the Golden Country'
— visions of which Raleigh had flashed before Englishmen.

7. " My Country England, fare thou well,
And louely F. where I did dwell :
Deare Mother, I you bid Adiew,
Full little thinke you what Ile doe,
Full little thinke you what your Sonne,
Through youthfull Folly now hath done :
My sisters sweet, my Brethren all,
I wish you well, fayre yee befall :
My Friends and Quaintance euery one,
Adieu to you, I must be gone ;
My Ship from others you may know,
The *Willow-garland* it doth show." (p. 84.)

Of a fierce tirade or 'flyting' this is the close :

8. " Be thou a Lazer soule in fight,
To clap thy Dish as *Cressid* light ;
And oh, maist thou leade such a life,
As whilome did SHORE's wretched Wife,
Or end thy dayes like ROSAMOND,
Who (burst with poyson) dead was found :
Or worser death, if worse may be,
With shame and grieve foone light on thee,
And since to pray I now am bound,
A P—— of God thee (straight) confound,
And all such Flirts, as make men proue
The *Willow-garland* for their Loue." (p. 86.)

I have wholly over-passed a not very decent adventure wherein the 'Lady' was rescued from drowning. One odd word occurs twice, 'Dnabfuh,' as apparently=servant. The whole 'burden' of this 'disasterous Chance' seems to me to point to Tofte himself, as illustrating another Poet's saying :

"Love when injured turns to Hatred
And when ill-requited starts to Vengeance."

The revulsion would be all the greater that in the beginning he had been passionately, rapturously trustful, or as he himself puts it (using the noticeable word 'Feature' for person) :

"Thy Feature sweet made me suppose
Thou meand'ft but truth and couldst not glofe." (p. 82.)

I have the more willingly quoted fully from the 'Frutes of Iealousie,' as it appears to have wholly escaped the attention of our literary authorities—as so sorrowfully much does.

We must now turn to the first of our Worthy's productions, viz., his *Laura*, which intrinsically is notable, while from its relation to our reproduction, viz., *Alba*, it was of vital importance that I should be able to give an account of and quotations from it. By the usual prompt kindness of Sir CHARLES E. ISHAM, Bart., of Lamport Hall, near Northampton—scene of Mr. Charles Edmonds' remarkable 'Find' of unique and extremely rare Elizabethan-Jacobean books—I was at once put in possession of his exemplar of it. Only another is known—at Britwell.* I had no desire to reproduce 'Laura' completely for three reasons, (a) That as the postscript by the Author's friend in his absence attests,

* Curiously enough, this second copy ought to have been in the Bodleian. It was bought for it; but somehow the (then) Librarian, Dr. Bandinell, appears to have taken it home with him for collation or other purpose, and forgotten about it, and so it was included (unfortunately) in the Sale of his Library, at which it fetched 29*l.* 10*s.* It had been, I am informed, duly entered among the additions to the Bodleian in the year of its purchase.

"more than thirtie" of the (so called) "Sonnets" are not Tofte's, but "intermixt with his." (b) The quality, as a whole, is greatly inferior to *Alba*. (c) I believe it will be included *in extenso* in Mr. Charles Edmonds' Isham Reprints. *En passant*, Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER (*Bibl. Catal.*) supposes that the initials 'R. B.' appended to this postscript Epistle represent RICHARD BARNFEILDE. I cannot for a moment agree with him; much less that he (Barnfeilde) was the author of the "more than thirtie Sonnets intermixt" with the others. The Poet of the 'Ode' had a far higher inspiration than anything in 'Laura' or 'Alba.'

I have now to present my Readers with all that I have myself found after three critical readings in 'Laura,' worth recalling to the light of our modern day. I begin with the title-page and Epistles, and so on to the closing post-script Epistle (*ut supra*). I have studiously selected such of the Sonnets (so called) as must have been Tofte's from their direct celebration of his lady-love 'Laura.' There are little incidents of their intercourse, meetings and partings, giving and taking of love-gifts, that are biographically of human interest. Here and there will be found an opaline gleam of felicitous image or conceit, and also a true bird-note out of the greenwood. He is extremely ingenious and quaint in turning the most unexpected accident of circumstance to account in enforcing his 'wooing.' I have placed below slight 'notes' on a few of the words and allusions. The Reader may rest assured that nothing of any memorableness has escaped me. And so we proceed, with only this further preliminary word, that '*Laura*' is shewn to have been identical with 'Alba' in *Alba* itself, *e.g.*:

"Like *Petrarch* chaſte of *Laura* coy I plaine
Of whom I (neuer yet) could *Fauour* gaine." (p. 102, st. 4.)

LAVRA
The Toyes of a Traueller.
OR.

The Feast of Fancie.

*Diuided into three
Parts.*

By R. T. Gentleman.

*Poca fauilla gran fiamma se-
conda.*



LONDON,
Printed by *Valentine Sims.*
1597.

The Epistle Dedicatorie. (A 2 A 3, 3 pp.)



To the no lesse vertuous, *than faire, the honourable Ladie*
Lucie, sister to the thrice renowned and noble Lord, Henry
Earle of *Northumberland, &c.*

Good Madam, I make bold to present vnto you a few Toyes of mine owne trauell, most parte conceiued in Italie, and some of them brought forth in England: by which my imperfections, you may see (as in a liuely Mirror) your owne perfections; and by the follies of my rechlesse youth, behold plainly the virtues of your flowing age, hoping your Ladiship wil keep them as priuately, as I send them vnto you most willingly; neither doubt I at all, but that your excellent spirit will iudge graciously of this my bare, yet bounden Conceit, and to accept the same (as a mean at ydle times) to driue away that selfe-pleasing, yet ill-easing humour of neuer glad melancholie: which spitefull Fortune (seeking, though in vaine, most iniuriously to insult ouer you) laboureth by all

meanes possible to inflict vpon you, the vertuous behaiour of your selfe being such, as euen in the midft of all your croffes, you croffe her designs with an inuincible hart, and with your honorable carriage carrie her with all her deuifes as a flane to follow you, in al your generous and thrice noble actions, maugre the intricate Laborinth of so manie and infinite troubles allotted (most vnworthely) vnto you, by the inerreuocable doome of your too partiall and flintie Destinie. All which notwithstanding, you beare and ore-bear with a most resolute staiednes & a resolued courage of a right PERCIE, and of a minde A per se. But additions breed suspitions, and faire words (for the most part) are counted the blazons of flatterie; wherefore I will leaue to the temperate iudgement of the wife, and to the vnecorrupt censure of the worthier fort, your heroi-cal & vndaunted mind, and the integritie and neuer staine proceedings of your spotlesse selfe. Onely this with submission wil I say, that if the richnes of the ground is knowne by the Corne, the daintinesse of the Water by the sweetnesse of the fish, and the goodnesse of the tree by the rarenesse of the fruite; then may euerie man giue a gesse of the internall habit & excelent qualities of your inward minde, by the outward behaiour and apparant semblance of your exceeding chaste and more than admirable demeanor in euerie respect. And thus, hoping your Honour will as debonairly accept of these trifles, as I dutifully bequeath them vnto you, and with the Sun-shining fauour of your gracious aspect deign to read these few lines: craving both priuiledge and pardon for all such faults and defects as shal happen to be discouered in the same; I humbly devote my selfe vnto your Lordship's thrice vertuous and immaculate disposition and commaund whatfoeuer. Who am

Bound as a vassal to doo
homage vnto the same
for euer.

R. T.

To the Reader. (A 3 verso and A 4, 2 pp.)

To the gentle, and Gentlemen Readers whatfoeuer.

Gentlemen; as the Fencer first maketh a flourish with his weapon, before he commeth to stroakes, in playing his prize: So I thought good (*pro forma* onely) to vse these few lines vnto you before you come to the pith of the matter. What the Gentleman was that wrote these Verfes, I know not; and what she is for whom they are deuised, I cannot ghesse: but thus much I can say, that as they came into the hands of a friend of mine by mere fortune; so hapned I vpon them by as great a chaunce. Onely in this I must confesse we are both too blame, that whereas he hauing promised to keepe priuate the originall, and I the copie, secret: we both haue cōsented to send it abroad, as common: presuming chiefly vpon your accustomed curtesies; assuring our selues if we may haue your protections, wee shall thinke our selues as safe as Vlysses did, when hee was shadowed vnder the shielde of Pallas against furious Aiax; so we by your cōutenances, shal be sufficiently furnished to encounter against any foulemouthed lackes whatfoeuer. To censure of this worke, is for better wittes than mine owne; and it is for Poets, not for Printers, to giue iudgement of this

From 'The First Part.'

I.

Fortune (cros frend to euer-cōquing Loue)
 Our bodies (Ladie) hath deuided farre,
 But yet our cōstant minds she cannot moue,
 Which ouer strong for her deuifes are :
 Woe's me, in *England* thou dost bide, & I
 (Scarfe shadow of my selfe) in *Italy*.
 But let her doo her worst, and what is frail
 And mortall seeke to seperate and vndoo,
 Yet what immortall is, she neuer shall :
 A string too high for her to reach vntoo.
 In spite of enuious feeds (by Malice fowne)
 My hart shall ay be thine, and mine thine owne.
 Padoa.

II.

Though I doo part, my Hart yet dooth not part ;
 My poore afflicted bodie parts in twaine,
 And doth in peeces two deuide my Hart :
 One peece my fainting spirit doth sustaine,
 The other part I leane with thee behinde,
 (The better part, and of my hart most deere)
 Then to that part so parted, be thou kinde,
 And to the same impart thy louing cheere :
 That I (returning) may again vnite
 This parted Hart, and finde for griefe, delight.
 London.

III.

Like to the blacksome night I may compare
 My Mistres gowne, when darknes playes his prife :
 But her sweet face, like to the Sunne most faire,
 When he in glory ginneth to arise.
 Yet this no whit the other doth disgrace,
 But rather dubleth Bewtie in the place.
 Contraries like to these set opposite,
 So daintie and so pleasing in their show
 To lookers on, doo breed no small delight,
 And pleasure great thereby to them doth grow.
 Oh wonder strange, oh soillace sweete to see,
 In one selfe subiect Night and Day to bee.

X.

If (*Lambs*) thou doost burne gainst me in hate,
 Then me such buffes sweete why doost thou giue ?

Introduction.

Why checkst thou not the Cheeks which giue the mate,
 (The vitall cause whereby I breathe and liue)?
 Perhaps it is, because through too much ioy
 (As in sweete ffound) I might away depart :
 If so thou doo, and thinke me so to noy ;
 Kisse hardly, and with kissing breed my smart.
 Content am I to loofe this life of mine,
 Whilst I doo kisse that lonely lip of thine.

XV.

Thou stranger who with wandring steps dost wend,
 Thy gazing eyes turne quickly vnto mee :
 And too my speech with listning eare attend,
 In whom foure Elements vnited bee.

Marke well, and as a wonder tell the same
 Of *Cupid's* force, poore Louers' *Tamburlane*.
 First this my body's earth, and earth most cold,
 The fire within my hart in couert lyes,
 The aire's my sighes, mine eyes doo waters hold :
 Thus for my Saint he doth me marterize.
 Earth is my bodie, strange seemes not this same?
 The aire my sighes, eyes water, hart the flame.

XVII.

Rockt in a cradle (like as Infants bee)
 When I was yong, a little wanton childe,
 Two daintie dugs did nourish life in mee,
 Whilst oft on them with teate in mouth I smilde :
 Ah happie I, thrice happy might I say,
 Whilst in that harmlesse state I then did stay.
 But now that I am come to man's estate,
 Such dugs as nurst me in delight and ioy
 Doo seeke my death, by poysonous sugred bait,
 Whose sight without possession breeds me noy.
 So what in childhood caused me to liue,
 Now in my youth doth death vnto me giue.

XXII.

If in the midst of kindled burning fire
 That worthy *Romane* burnt his valiant hand,
 I like an other *Mutius* in desire,
 Haue scorcht my fist likewise through Loue's command
 In freshest moysture, where my Ladie sweet,
 Her lily hands for coolnes diued oft.
 But though desire betweene vs was alike,
 Yet was the matter diuers which we fought,
 He chose to burne his hand with courage bold
 In flaming fire, and I in water cold.

XXV.

White was the orient pearle, which on a day
That hand me gaue, which scornes the proud compare
Of purest white, and beares the palme away,
As of all pearly faires the orientst faire :
 And whilst she offred vnto mee the fame,
 I knew not which the pearle was of the twaine.
So white the hand was of my peerlesse Pearle,
As it did dazle with delight mine eyes,
And pearle seem'd to me, giuing me the pearle :
Which made me sighing say (in whispring wise)
 Ah why once may I not so happie bee
 This Pearle to haue, which th'other giues to mee.

XXIX.

As burnisht gold such are my Soueraigne's heares ;
A brace of starres diuine, her blackish eyes,
Like to the fairest black the Rauens beares,
Or fairer, if you fairer can deuise :
 So likewise faire's the beautie of her breasts,
 Where pleasure lurkes, where ioy still dallying rests.
This *Venus* bower, you rightly may compare
To whitest snow that ere from heauen fell,
Or to the mynes of alabafter faire :
(Woe's mee, tis sweete to sleepe in Cupid's cell)
 Whilst he the hart makes surfet with delight
 Through golden haire, black eyes, & breft most white.

XXX.

Vnto thy fauour (which when Nature formd,
She went beyond her selfe with cunning hand)
I may compare what is in world adorn'd
With beautie most, and with most grace doth stand :
But euerie mortall whitenes nere so white,
The yuorie white of thy white hand exceeds.
So that my Soule (which doth faire whitenes like)
Rests on faire whitenes, and on whitenes feeds :
 For this is thought and hoped of from thee,
 White as thy hands, so white thy faith shalbee.

XXXVI.

Sweet sung thy Bird in Ebon cage shut fast,
And did delight thy daintie eares so much,
As thou vouch-safdst to giue him meate at last,
And gently didst his fethers stroke and tuch :
So Ladie, I likewise in th' Ebonie
Of thy bright eyes am prisoner, and doe sing

Thy Beautie's praise ; and yet not fed am I
 By thee, yet liue through thee : a wondrous thing.
 Loue to my hart thy Beautie doth supple
 For food, which els (through famine starud) would die.

XXXVII.

If white's the Moone, thou *Laura* seemst as white,
 And white's the gowne which you on bodie weare ;
 And if her whitely hornes in calme night
 She smoothly glyding shoves to vs most cleare :
 You in the day time more and brighter farre,
 Your Beautie shewe like bright *Aurora's* starre.
 Like brightnes both of you abroad doe cast,
 Though not effect alike *per accidens* ;
 You shine, she shines, your powers eternall last :
 But yet betweene you is great difference,
 Her brightnes freezeth, causing deadly cold,
 Your's doth enflame, and liuely fire doth hold.

XXXVIII.

Euen as the lampe goeth out that oyle doth want,
 Or as the Sunne doth fall in th' occident,
 So did my hart within me gin to pant,
 My vitall spirites away by little went :
 When (taking on me pittie) graciously
 My Mistres hem of garment trailing downe
 Toucht mee, and mee reuiued suddenly :
 Then of such vertue be within her gowne,
 Imagin what doth stay her corps within,
 Which who seeth, through sweetnes needs must fin.

The Conclusion of the first Part.

The Macedonian Monarch once did deigne
 (In cheerful fort, in kind and louing wife)
 To feast in Village with a homely Swaine,
 Who entertaind him (as is countrey guise)
 With curds and creame, and such like knasques* he had :
 Whereof the courteous Prince accepted glad.

So Ladie, boldly I presumed haue
 To enuite you to a forie Banquet bafe :
 Nor to disdaine the same of you I craue,
 Though cates too course for you, too poore the place.
 I cannot (as I would) giue curds and creame,
 But milke and whey, my fortune is so meane.

* = knacks, niceties.

Yet if you shall accept it graciously,
 And with your Fauour sweet this Bourd adorne,
 The vertue which is in you, presently
 The whey to curds, and milke to creame shall turne :
 But if your looke you angrie turne away,
 The milke shall still be milke, the whay still whay.

Then as the Sunne in glorious wife doth shine
 As well on valley low as mountaine hie,
 Vouchsafe one cheerefull glimse of fauour thine
 On pouer mee, from out that heauenly eye :
 Vnworthie I such grace (I doo confesse)
 Yet worthie thou to doo so, nerthelesse.

R. T.

From 'the second part.'

I.

If I fomewhile looke vp into the skies,
 I see (faire Lady) that same cheerefull light
 Which like to you doth shine, in glorious wife :
 And if on th' earth I chance to cast my sight,
 The mooueleffe Centre firme to me doth show,
 The hardnesse which within your hart doth grow.
 If seas I view, the flowing waues most plaine
 Your fickle faith do represent to mee :
 So as I still behold you to my paine,
 When as the skies, or th' earth, or seas I see :
 For in your seemely selfe doth plaine appeare,
 Like faith, like hardnesse, and like brightnes cleare.

II.

Maruel I do not, though thou doest not see
 My griefes and martires,* which I still sustaine,
 For thou the Mole of loue doest seeme to me ;
 But if a Mole, th' art onely to my paine.
 How comes it then that seeing thou art blinde,
 Thou me consumst, as if thou hadst thy sight ?
 Why, as thy nature by instinct doth bind
 Stayest not below ? packe hence, and leaue this light,
 Either those eies stil shut, not me to grieue,
 Or vnder ground, in darknes alwayes liue.

X.

My mourning mistresse garments blacke doth beare,
 And I in blacke like her attired am :

* = tortures or sufferings ; Italian, martiri, Fr., martyres.

Yet diuers is the cause why blacke we weare,
 She for another's death doth shew the same :
 I for another reason beare this sute,
 Onely to shew by this my outward weede
 Mine inward griefe, although my tongue be mute,
 Of tender heart which deadly fighes doth bleede.
 Thrive happy I, if (as in habite we
 Are both in one) our mindes both one might be.

XI.

If April fresh, doth kindly giue vs flowers
 September yeeldes with more increase the frute :
 (Sweetest) you haue in bosome (Beautie's Bowers)
 Both these sweete tides, whence forth they alwayes shute
 Both flower and frute alonely you alone
 Can giue me when you please, or else can none.
 Oh dainty bosome, bosome rich in prise,
 Surmounting mountaines huge of beaten gold :
 Whose whitenes braues* the whitest snow that lies
 On highest hilles, whose height none can behold :
 In you my foule doth hope without annoy,
 Both spring and haruest, one day to enioy.

Roma.

XII.

Drawne (cunning Painter) hast thou with great Arte,
 The shadow of my louely *Laura* faire ;
 Which object sweet not finally ioyes my hart ;
 But little didst thou thinke, nor wast thou ware,
 That where thou thoughtst my fancie for to please,
 Effect contrary forties to my Desire,
 So that it breedes in bodie mine, vnease
 And (senselesse) burnes my hart with feeling fire :
 Oh strange successe, what made was for Content,
 Doth most displease, and (liuelesse) doth torment.

XIII.

When first the cruell Faire deign'd graciously
 To looke on mee with kinde and courteous view,
 And cast on mee a louely glauncing eye,
 She knew not that I was her seruant trew :
 But she no sooner ware was of the same
 But that she turnd her backe with great disdain.
 So as the wound I (then) clofe bare in brest,
 I (now) through griefe, show outward in my face :

* = vies with.

Introduction.

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But if that she by whom I wounded rest,
Liues in compalsion cold toward me sanz grace :
 Hard harted is she, cruell was she to her frend,
 And wicked shalbe world withouten end.

XV.

The duskie clowde in skie (with shadow darke)
Doth couer oft the Sunne's most cleereft light,
So as his beames we cannot see nor marke,
And he himselfe doth play at leaft in fight :
 Ah were I such a clowd on earth to couer
 My sweetest Sunne, as doth that clowd the other.
But if that clowd doo vanish soone away,
And dooth as momentarie passe and vade ;
Eternall would I bee, to hide her ay,
And of a harder mixture would be made.
 Oh happie I, oh fortunate Eclips,
 With kissing so to darken those faire lips.

XVI.

From milke of *Iuno* (as the Poets faine)
The Lilly had his whitenes, passing white,
And from *Adonis* blood (that louely Swaine)
The Rose his colour red, which doth delight.
Thou (pretie Soule) hast both the colours rare
Of these sweet flowers, which others all exceed ;
Thy Breft's a bed of beauteous Lillies faire,
Thy daintie cheekes pure damask Roses breed.
 O frutefull Garden flowering, where appeare
 The Rose and Lilly, at all times of yeare.

XX.

Rich is the Diamond, a iemme of prife
Yet such the nature strange is of the same,
That who the powder thereof drinks, straight dies,
And as (if poyson twere) doth take his bane :
So thou another precious iewell art,
In name and nature not vnmuch alike,
Since death thou giu'st vnto the louing hart ;
If but a kisse one suckes from thee most sweete,
 Whilst he doth swallow downe this sugred baite,
 The ioy's so great, it kills him through concaite.

XXI.

The *Grecians* vsde to offer vp their haire
Vnto their Riuers, whom they did esteeme

As mightie Gods, and them great honor bare,
 As if no vertue small in them had been :
 Doo thou the like (*sweet Laura*) vnto mee,
 Who for my loue deserue a greater fee.
 Thy golden tresses on me doo bestow,
 Who hold whole Riuers flowing in mine eyes :
 Yet would not I thou off shouldst cut them tho.
 Dooft muse, and aske how this thou maist deuise?
 He tell thee : Giue thy selfe to mee for mine,
 So shalt thou giue vnto thy tresses fine.

XXII.

One louely glaunce which from the eyes did passe
 Of Ladie mine, hath changd my gentle hart
 From hardest Diamond to brittle glasse :
 And now againe (vnto my bitter smart
 Through dreadfull frowne) she turnes it suddenly
 As twas before, from glasse to Diamond.
 So if she will she may, (and presently
 As likes her) change me, who to her am bound :
 If cruell shee, my hart is hard to breake :
 If pittifull, tis gentle, brittle, weake.

XXVIII.

The Crow makes war with the Cameleon,
 And being hurt to th' Laurell straight doth flie,
 And through the frute he findeth thereupon
 Is heald of hurt, findes food, and liues thereby.
 Loue the Cameleon is, the Crow am I,
 And battell wage with him vnto the death :
 He wounds me deadly, whereupon I hie
 To thee (*my Laurall*) to restore my breath.
 Thou me reuiu'ft, such vertue's in thee rife,
 As thou at once doost giue me food and life.

XXXIII.

If loue (wherein I burne) were but a fire,
 I quencht it had with water of my teares ;
 If water, thefe my plaints, I this Defire
 Had dryde through inward heate, my hart that taints :
 But Loue that in my griefes doth take delight,
 Both fire and water turnes to worke mee spite.
 Flie then this Loue, since such is his great power,
 As waues to fire, and fire to waues he turnes,
 And with an absent Beautie euerie hower,
 My fainting hart with Fancie's fuell burnes,

And gainst all sense makes mee of CARE and IL,
More then of good and Comfort to haue will.

XXXIII.

Riuers vnto the Sea doo tribute pay :
A most vncoustant moouing Sea art thou,
And I within mine eyes (bedewd ay)
A Riuer hold of bitter teares as now.
Receiue then from these moyfined cheekes of mine
Into thy lap the water I fourth powre,
Of dutie mine and of thy Debt a signe :
And mixt together with my sweet thy fowre,
So shall the water to the water bee
More precious, and the Sea more rich to th' Sea .

XXXV.

Such is the vertue of the Sunnie heate
As seazing on the cockle shell, which lies
On seaifh* shore, whereon his beames doo beate
It makes it brightly shine, in orient wife :
So that through secret power of radiant Sunne,
Of worthlesse shell, a Pearle it doth become.
So Ladie, you through force of Beautie's power,
If you shall deigne to glaunce on me your eye,
And raine with grace on me a smiling shower,
A Iewell rich you make me by and by :
And if no Pearle, at least a precious Stone ;
This (onely) can you doo, or els can none.

The Conclusion of the second Part.

This is the second Courfe now serued in,
A Courfe too courfe for such a daintie Dame ;
Yet (Ladie) though the cheere be bad and thin,
Because it comes of Zeale, accept the same :
And though not worthy of your grace it bee,
Yet make it gracious through your curtesie.
Great sumptuous Feasts the stomacke doth dislike,
Which oft in bodie dangerous surfets breed :
Where dishes few reuiue our sense and spright,
And Nature's pleas'd on little for to feed.
This as a sawce (your appetite to moue)
Accept, where meate's the HaRT, where Cooke is Loue.

Nor thinke the worfe, though I haue spun a thread
So fine (I meane your praise) I cannot mend,

* Probably a word of Tofte's own coinage.

Since tis a worke to ground* the wifeli Hod,
 And marre I should this loome, the Cloth not mend :
 So Venus matchlesse shape Apelles drew,
 But how to finish it he never knew.
 Farre more's my minde, then is my soeile might,
 My penell for thy picture is too weake :
 The Sonne is onely for the Eagle's fight,
 My strength's too small, this hardened yoe to breake.
 Not painted scarce I thee have shadowed here :
 This task's for such as have in skill no peere.
 R. T.

From 'The Third Part.'

III.

The shining Yerk in shadow of the light)
 For not by harts hand, doth colour change,
 And blacker becomes, which seem'd before most bright :
 Not in it there is more miracle strange :
 So was I long a finely fire of love,
 The heart whereof my Eadie oft did prove.
 But I at last by me who moud my woe!
 Kingquith was by Fittill Dithine :
 That if my colour blacker in face doo show,
 I re need not much to wonder at the same,
 Since tis a Signe thy part to know the whole)
 That I use make me a Fire, Dithine a Cole.

VII.

When she was down, she came with smiling eye
 Laughing not the world, a signe of gloe ;
 * Now I was down for her quite contrary)
 Weeping I saw not the world to see.
 'Twas make this wonder strange : what Nature gave
 From not in it but this nature kept we have.
 She is up the heaven doth take great joy,
 I thought her laughing she and laughter must,
 I think that I see it but we know this way)
 She was not 'sorrowful' there is not
 As she is change her laughter into paine,
 And my complaints into her joy againe.

VIII.

It is not his Kingdome great, two Fooles there bee :
 My selfe's one, my selfe the other am :
 The best behaviour of both which to see,

* " " being in the ground (cf., to gravel, and the Italian *altare*).

Who is her beauty's mirror, will say the same
 Fecund her thoughts are, fruitful her desire,
 Fecund her heart is, Fecund her home is fine,
 Fecund as home is Love : but increasing fire
 But what ? Furies are we none, nor may such be
 For what most fruitful is what fruit is none,
 More water here than others, at least none.

XI

Key of my soul, my immortal eyes close lay,
 Confess of love, right Modestly of love,
 Fairest of Fecund, bright shining Marguerite,
 Pure Quintessence of heavenly delight alone,
 When first I taste what future grants me now,
 And taste the rage of mine is change desire :
 When first I find every what I am much,
 Does come, but I doubt in vain, in sign ?
 Ah, do not kill my soul from Tantalus,
 But take : through grace, the same impudency.

XII

Painter, in lovely colours draw Delia,
 Don't ask how that may rightly shadowed be :
 He tell thee, if thou dost wilt see the same
 My Lady paint, and then Delia's first see.
 Fond men do not believe ? or think I jest ?
 If doubtful thou remain, then leave the rest,
 Mark her but well, and thou shalt in her face
 See right Delia, which coming from her eyes,
 Makes her to look with most delicious grace :
 Then if thou see it in so plain a guise,
 Straight shadow her : for this one Counterfeit
 Of her and of Delia shall show the shape.

XIII

With gold and rubies gildeth her small hand :
 But if you match them with her Eps or hair,
 They seeme withouten brightnes [for] to stand,
 The other have such finely colours faire.
 O worthy Beatie, peerlesse A PLA SE,
 To whom all other Beauties are most vile.
 O fairnes such, as fairer none can be,
 Thou Grace it selfe of graciousnes doost spoyle.
 With Rubies, thou right Rubies doost disgrace,
 With Gold bright Gold thou staineest in his place.

XIX

That Ivorie hand a Fanne most white doth hold,
 And to the milkie Brest blowes winde space :

Introduction.

(And yet is full of chilly yce most cold)
 Disgrace to others, to her selfe a grace.
 But I who wistly marke these whitenes three,
 Vouchsafe (sweet loue) this boone to graunt to mee.
 Distill within the rouling of mine eyes
 (By vertue of thy power) such hidden flame :
 And let it tempred be in such strange wife,
 That I as I cast my looke vpon the same,
 It quite may take away her crueltie,
 Melt straight the Ice, and Fanne burne suddenly.

XXVI.

The Heauens begin with thunder for to breake
 The troubled Aire, and to the coloured Fields
 The Lightning for to spoyle their pride dooth threat,
 Each thing vnto the furious Tempest yeelds.
 And yet me thinkes within mee I doo heare
 A gentle voyce hard at my hart to say,
 Feare nothing thou, but be of merrie cheere,
 Thou onely safe fore others all shalt stay :
 To saue thee from all hurt, thy Shield shall bee,
 The shadow of the conquering Lawrall Tree.

Fano.

XXVIII.

My Mistres (writing) as her hand did shake
 The Pen did dash, which on her gowne did spurt :
 One drop more higher than the rest did take,
 And to presume to touch her Brest it durst.
 Vpon her daintie bosome it did light,
 Wherewith she blusht, in show like damaske Rose :
 Presumptuous Blacke, how dar'dst thou touch that White,
 Wherein a world of gladfome pleasure growes ?
 Yet (quite of enuie) hapt it for the best,
 To the white more grace, more bewtie to th' brest.

XXX.

Vnhare that Iuorie hand, hide it no more,
 For though it death brings to my tender hart,
 To see it naked, where is beautie's store,
 And where moyst Pearle with Azure doth impart :
 Yet feare I not to dye in this sweet wife,
 My fancie so to see't, is set on fire :
 Then leaue that Gloue, most hatefull to mine eyes,
 And let me surfet with this kinde Desire ;
 So that my lookes may haue of them their fill,
 Though hart decay, Ile take it for none ill.

Mantua.

XXXV.

When I of my sweet *Laura* leaue did take,
 Faire *Fano's* Citty for a while to leaue :
 Shee gaue to mee (to weare it for her sake)
 Of golde and pearle a daintie wouen Wreathe.
 Deere was the gift, because for loue it came :
 But deerey more, cause Shee gaue me the fame.
 I looke on't still, and kisse it as my ioy ;
 Kissing and busing it, with it I play :
 Which at one instant brings me mirth and noy,
 And fighting oft, thus to my selfe I say ;
 White pearles are these, yet hath her mouth more faire ;
 Fine gold is this, yet finer is her haire.

Fano.

XXXVIII.

The haplesse *Argus* (happie in this fame)
 The glorie of the Sunne's surpasing light,
 The brightnes of the Starres (the fire which staine)
 With hundred eyes behold them alwayes might.
 But I (alas) who haue but onely twaine,
 Cannot behold the Beantie of my Sunne :
 For which I lye as blinde in endlesse paine,
 And couert my selfe for want thereof vndone.
 I can but wish that I an *Argus* were,
 With hundred eyes to view her euerie where.*

XXXIX.

In vastie Sea, faine would my slender Muse
 Wade in thy praise, to praise thy beantie right :
 But (Ladie) I for pardon craue excuse,
 To breake such waves too brittle is her might :
 Meane time with lowly verse, in humble show,
 Along the shallow shore he wading goe.
 The time may come (perhaps) ere it be long,
 That this my quill more bold may write thy praise,
 And venture far to sayle in th' Ocean surge,
 Though now on ground I stand in fearful feare.
 And where as now to step his foot he feares,
 He then shall tread himselfe ere head and eares.

Fans.

XL.

When I did part, my *Ionie* did part from mee,
 And took his farewell of thy beauteous Eyne :

* Remembrance of the Argonauts sacrificed to *Pallas*.

But now that I (returned) doo thee see,
 He is returnd, and liues through kindnes thine,
 And of thee looketh for a welcome home.
 I then not anie more to sorrow need,
 Now I am come : and if before alone
 On shadow then, on subſtance now I feed.
 So, if my parting bitter was and ſad,
 Sweete's my returne to thee, and paſſing glad.

The Concluſion of the laſt Part.

Timantes, when he ſaw he could not paint
 With liuely colours (to his laſting fame)
 Such workes he tooke in hand, and ſound too faint.
 His cunning, ſeeking for to hide the fame,
 He over them a ſubtill ſhadow drew :
 So that his faults, or none or few could view.
 So Ladie, I finding my wit too weake,
 With currant tearmes your beautie forth to blaze,
 And that to arriue too blunt is my conceit
 Vnto the height of your ſurmounting praiſe :
 With ſilence forced am (againſt my will)
 To ſhadow my defect, (the want of ſkill).

Yet doo I hope, the ſhadow you'l not ſcorne,
 Since Princes in their ſtately Arbors greene
 Account of ſhade, as trees which frute adorne,
 Becauſe from heate they welcome ſhelters been.
 The Shadow ſhields gainſt Sunne your beautie faire,
 Which elfe his ſcorching heate would much impaire.
 Then though a Shadow without frute I bee,
 And ſcarce yeeld leaues to couer this my barke :
 Accept theſe leaues thy Beautie's Shade of mee,
 Where wealth doth ebbe, good will doth flow from Hart.
 Deigne me for all my loue but Shadow thine,
 Thy Subſtance's too too high for Fortune mine.
 R. T.

*A Friends iuſt excuſe about the Booke
 and Author, in his abſence.*

Without the Author's knowledge, as is before ſaid by the Printer,
 this Poeme is made thus publicly knowne : which (with my beſt
 induemour) the Gentleman himſelfe (ſuſpecting what is now prooued
 too true) at my coming vp, earneſtly intreated me to preuent. But
 I came at the laſt ſheetes printing, and ſinde more than thirtie
 Minnets not his, intermixt with his : helpt it cannot be but by
 the wol iudging Reader, who will with leſſe paine diſtinguiſh
 betweene them, than I on this ſodaine poſſibly can. To him then

I referre that labour, and for the Printer's faults past in some of the Bookes, I haue gathered them in the next page. With the Author beare I pray ye whom I must intreat to beare with mee.

R. B.

A blank leaf follows but not the promised *errata*.

The motto of 'Laura' on the title-page is from Dante (*Paradiso*, i, 34); but Tofte's style is formed not on Dante, but on the writers of his own day, with frequent turnings and returnings to Serafino. I suspect that both in *Laura* and *Alba* several of the pieces are translations from the Italian. This I name, not as blaming Tofte; for even Spenser used to translate without acknowledgment.

Besides these fuller quotations, the following incidentally musical and happy lines and words, that occur in 'Laura,' it is deemed expedient to preserve :

- " A iust reward for such an high aspire." (Pt. i. viii.)
- " angrie *Iuno* from the Scowling Skies
Thicke *swinging flowers* did downward send amaine." (*ib.* xiii.)
- " Of this vnstedfastnes and watric brine
Lets fashion both of vs a nouell Sea,
So heauen the haue, and loue the bay shalbee." (*ib.* xviii.)
- " Thus (Loue) thou see'st is changed my estate,
She checkes with death, that fore gaue life for mate."
Venice. (*ib.* xxi.)
- " The warlike Goddesse wrath in humble wife." (*ib.* xxiii.)
- " Thou, merry laughst, and pleasantly dost smile,
I wofull weepe, and (mestfull) sorrow still." (*ib.* xxxii.)
- " Giue me that colour which so likes mine eine,
If death, then blacke, if life, then Carnatine." (*ib.* xxxiii.)
- " Take heed you Louers all of her, and feare
The sugred baites of this deceitfull trull." (*ib.* xl.)
- " The flower of *Greece* Dan Paris costly ioy
Through her faire feature the onely causer was
So manie Knights were flaine at Siedge of *Troy*." (Pt. ii. iii.)
- " Those sauerie smackes, those buffes sweet which bee." (*ib.* xxv.)
- " No bodie now, for that by proud disdaine
Of scornfull Shee, dislin'd was." (*ib.* xxvi.)
- " Then *Cupid* worke that I (poore Snake in loue)
This sdainfull Snake for to be kinde may moue." (*ib.*, xx.)

From the 'whiteness' of the skin, and especially of the hand, of *Laura*, came I suppose the first title of his next volume, viz, *Alba* (Cf., however, *Alba*, p. 48, st. 4, l. 1.) This over and over recurring 'whiteness' makes it certain that Sonnet xxxi of Part 3 was of the "more than thirtie intermixt," and it may here find a place as fairly typical of the others :

"My Mitres seemes but browne (fay you) to mee.
Tis verie true, and I confesse the fame :
Yet loue I her, although that browne she bee,
Because to please me she is glad and faine.
I loued one most Beautifull before,
Whom now (as Death) I deadly doo abhorre.

Because to fcorne my seruice her I found,
I gaue her ore, and chose to mee this fame :
Nor to be faithfull (thinke I) I am bound
To one in whom no kindnes doth remaine :
This is the cause, for Browne and Pittifull,
I left a faire, but yet a faithlesse Trull."

It will have been noticed that R. T. signs the introductory Epistle-dedicatory to Lucy, sister of Henry Earl of Northumberland. So that the alleged surreptitious publication may have been a mere *ruse*, as Mr. Collier suggests. One would have been pleased to know the link of connexion with the 'Lady Lucy.' She married first, Sir John Wotton, Knt., secondly Sir Hugh Owen of Anglesey, Knt.,—and died without issue. She was daughter of Henry eighth Earl of Northumberland, by Catherine, eldest daughter and co-heir of John (Neville) Lord Latimer. From the wording of the Epistle it would appear she had endured 'trials' of no ordinary sort prior to her marriage.

The verse-Epistle, "*Alla bellissima sua signora E.C.*" seems to point to a Euphemia (as Hazlitt fills in) or Elizabeth C[areill] or Carill, or Caryll (as before).

We are now brought to our present reproduction of '*Alba*. The Months Minde of a Melancholy Louer.' The Poet had semi-promised that if *Laura* were well received by her he might undertake a greater venture of verse-celebration ;

and I suppose *Alba* is to be held for fulfilment. Perchance he dropped *Laura* for title of his second book as conscious how distant at nearest must be his following of Petrarch and his immortal *Laura*. Be this as it may, *Alba* as =white was a fit synonym for spotless perfect beauty. 'Month's Mind' is properly a celebration in remembrance of dead persons, a month after their decease (NARES, *s.v.*, where are full examples); but Tofte seems to mean by it, not a dirge for the dead, but a lamentation or series of lamentations in sorrow for the living. By his title, therefore, he signified that he had in his poem put into verse the thought and emotion that had passed through his 'Minde' from month to month, as in address to 'Anne Herne':

"Once I each Monthe to cruel *Alba* make
A Month's Mind, yet no pittie she doth take." (p. 3.)

As with *Laura*, there is a preliminary verse-dedication to another 'faire lady'—Anne Herne, and from the related poems to members of the family of Brooke, she must have been a Brooke—albeit I have failed to get any particulars of this family. He dedicates his *Honours Academie* to the same 'Anne Herne.' He must have been somewhat changeful in his feminine praises: For whereas in *Alba* (*verso* of title) the 'Margarite' stanza is applied to *Alba*, it is found doing service in the same year to Lady Margaret Morgan, wife of Sir John Morgan of Chilworth, Surrey (in *Orlando Inamorato*, 1598). Is the explanation that into 'Laura' and 'Alba' alike, he worked in all his verses to whomsoever addressed? *Je l'ignore*.

The preliminary commendatory verses to *Alba* are not of much weight or grace; but, as noted before, that by Richard Day, son of Bishop William Day, is biographically to be re-called in relation to the Will.

Coming to *Alba* itself, the main interest of it centres in two things, viz. (a) The incidental allusion to a performance of *Love's Labour Lost*; (b) A charming couplet, worthy of ROBERT GREENE.

The former must here be placed before the Shakspearean student :

" LOVES LASCE LOVE. I once did see a Play,
Ycleped so, so called to my paine,
VWhich I to heere to my small Joy did bring,
Giving attendance to my forward Dame,
My misgiving minde prefiging to me Ill,
Yet was I drawne to see it gainst my Will.

This *Play* no *Play*, but Plague was vnto me,
For there I lost the Loue I liked most :
And what to others seemde a Iest to be,
I, that (in earnest) found vnto my cost,
To every one (saue me) twas *Comicall*,
Whilft *Tragick* like to me it did befall.

Each Actor plaid in cunning wife his part,
But chiefly Those entrapt in *Cupid's* snare :
Yet all was fained, twas not from the hart,
They seemde to grieue, but yet they felt no care :
Twas I that Griefe (indeed) did beare in brest,
The others did but make a show in Iest.

(p. 105, st. 1 to 3.)

The student will do well to study Shakespeare's play in the light of this reference of Tofte. There is the adjective 'whitely' in *Laura*, and 'envious frost' (p. 94 of *Alba*), recalling Biron, "like an envious sneaping frost"; but closer examination would doubtless yield other words and things.

The latter, is this, spite of its imperfect rhyme :

"Loue's prisoner then, begging at Beantie's gate
Some Almes bestowe sweet Ladie for God's sake.

But while these are the *notabilia* of the poem, I am much mistaken if, regarded as a whole, ROBERT TOFTE'S *Alba*, for its 'smoothness' and musical flow and iridescent fancies or conceits, do not make its way into after-Anthologies of our 'sweet Singers.' I venture to bring together things that in some element or other — sometimes scarcely communicable — have arrested myself. I begin at the beginning, and so pass forward — giving headings for each quotation.

1. A 'slaine heart's' memorial.
—— "vnto whom shall I (now) dedicate
This mextfull verfe, this mournfull Elegie?

Even to my cruel Mistress COVNERFAITE,
Of Beauties shape, the right Eternitie.
Then to her PICTURE I present this verse,
Of my flame Hart (dead for pure love) the Herfe."
(p. 17, st. 3.)

2. All-in-all.

"Thou art my Hope, my Haven, my comfort chiefe,
On thee alone, on none els I relie :
Only to thee I come to begge reliefe ;
In thee it is if I shall live or die.
(DEAREST) remember tis a Gift more rare,
CONSTANT to be, then to be counted FAIRE."
(p. 19, st. 4.)

3. A Portrait.

"Two sparkling flars, fine golde, pure Ebonie,
From whence Love takes his Brands, his Shafts & Bow,
Two daintie Apples, which though hid from eye,
Through vail of Lawne, through lawne more faire do show :
A cherrie lip with lacinie teeth most white,
Where Cupid begs within that Grace so bright.
Vermilion Flowers that grow in Heaven above ;
Snow, which no wet can murre, nor Sunne can melt,
Right Margarite Pearle which alwaies Orient prove,
A Voyce, that Hart of marble makes to swell,
A Soule that calmes the raging of the Sea,
And Side more cleere makes then was wont to bee.
Grace, raised wisdom in young and tender yeares,
A finely Gate, and Port majesticall,
A Carriage (where in vertue borne) appears,
Lookes that delight, and yet delight withhold,
Numbers of Favours, Beauties infinite,
With Modestie, chaste, pure, and milde Delight.
An invisible Soule within a bodie rich
A lowly Thought within a compassing Hart :
These are the wories which I commend to wick
Which Heavens & LOVE have framed by curious Art :
All these I once enjoyed : but they being gone,
My Note is change, my Mirth is turne to Moe."

(p. 20, st. 1 to 4.)

4. Too-high aspiration.

"Too well I know and I confesse the same,
That too too high is my proud Desire
My soaring Thoughts, descending much too late,

And I, ore bold, presume too high t'aspire :
 Yet still (me thinkes) mine Ayme, being not base,
 I should deserue some little tynie Grace." (p. 21, st. 2.)

5. Yearning in Absence.

" Ah had not Reason my Desires refrainde,
 I had, *my Thoughts deare Soueraigne*, seene ere this,
 Whose Grace I sought (but bootles) to haue gainde,
 The only ioy I in this world would wifh.
 Rather would I see those chaste beauntious Eyes,
 Then chuse to be in matchlesse Paradise." (p. 21, st. 4.)

6. Alternations.

" My hart is grien'd cause it doth disagree :
 For whilst my Minde to loue her doth deuise,
 And thinks her worthie honored for to bee,
 A Scainfull thought through Hatred doth arise,
 Which skornes y^e one so rich, a Theefe shuld proue,
 That one so Faire, a Murthereffe is in loue."
 (p. 22, st. 2.)

7. Brilliant Beauty.

" For whilst he giues his minde attentiuely,
 And studieth to match Nature with his Art,
 Marking her Feature with a watchfull eye,
 To portray forth most liuely every part :
 Such brightnes comes from her, such gliftring rayes,
 As he's struck blinde, and darkned goes his wayes."
 (p. 23, st. 2.)

8. A young mother — portents.

" Bright were the Heauens, and husht was euery winde,
 Cleere was the day, when as mine ALBA faire,
 Brought forth with ioy (*Lucina* being kinde)
 A daintie Babe, for feature passing rare,
 Adorning all the world with this glad welth,
 A gift t'enrich the World, Vs, and her self.
 What time she was in trauell of this Childe,
 No thunder, lightning, nor no storme was heard :
 But all was quiet, peacefull, calme and milde,
 As if the skies t'offend her were afeared,
 Whilst th'earth attended on her, and the Sea,
 As though they staid at her command to be.
 Then did the Windes (not vñg so before)
 A gentle gale blow calmly euery where,
 And filld the blisfull Aire with sweetes great store :
 Each bird and fowle shewing a merry cheere,

Whilft that blest Day a double Beautie found,
One from the Sunne, the other here on ground."

(p. 24, st. 1 to 3.)

9. Castle in the Air.

" My mounting Minde, my neuer staide Conceit
Hath built a stately Castle in the Aire :
Which *Love* his lightning Fire, nor his fierce thret,
Nor Fate, nor Fortune, nor ought else doth feare.
Founded it is vpon two running Wheelles,
The Gates of dust and winde (still turning reeles.)

Thouands of Motes are digd about the same,
Which are captritious Humors fond and Toyes :
The Skouts and Guards thereof, Hopes dead and vaine ;
The Food therein preperde, false fleeting Ioyes ;
The fencing Wallles are framde of fierce Desire,
Which dreads not Seas, nor earth, nor force, nor fire.

The Armour, framed are in running Head,
Of foolish Boldnes, and of pensive Feare,
Which None knows how they should be managed,
Nor how the same gainst others right to beare :
The Shot, Munition, and Artillerie,
Are diuers Thoughts which in the Fancie lie.

The Castellane doth fight against himselfe,
Hauing bought els his soldiers for to pay,
But with Ambition which is all his wealth :
Iudge then my fate, and mark my firme stay.
O *Love* how long learne shall I in thy Schoole ?
The more I learne, I (still) doe proue more Foole."

(p. 26, st. 1 to 4.)

10. The Skies.

" Swift rising Sphaeres, cleere burning Lamps diuine,
That with your beames disgrace the glorious Sunne :
Faire ladders by which I to Heauen cline,
And by your Influence this rare course doe rime.
Ah, if not quickly hither you returne,
Too late (in vaine, my life you then shall moorne."

(p. 27, st. 1.)

11^o. Love's Food.

" Feeling my feide (now you from hence are gone)
With sweet Remembrance of fore passed Ioy." (st. 3, ll. 3 and 4).

11. Love's Rage.

" Sad Teares, that from my melfull Hart doe runne,
Thrust forth through watie Eyes by Sorrow kinde :

Introduction.

If you into *LOVE*'s paths by chance shall come,
 Where he doth walke, and pittie thinke to finde ;
 In vaine then doe you flitte abrode, in vaine
 You lose your traualle, labour and your paine.

For whilst the way vnto an Humour new
 You open wide, fierce *ALBA* shutteth close
 Her breast from mercie, making me to rewe,
 And for your Friendship, counts you as her foes :
 Wherein, she doth a damd Example show,
 Forcing her Hart gainst Conscience here to goe.

Then wofull teares what will you doe as now ?
LOVE's dead and gone, all pittie is exile :
 Skorn'd is my Constancie and loyall Vow,
 And through Disdaine I daily am reuilde.
 My Hopes are blasted, and as withered seeme,
 Whilst still Disgraces shew before me Greene.

(p. 29, st. 1 to 3.)

12. Another Portrait.

" Thy whitenes (*ALBA*) I may well compare
 To *Delia*, when no clowde doth her obscure :
 Thy haire to *Phobus* lightning in the Aire,
 When he doth shine with greater Lustre pure.
 Thy diamond eyes, like a frostie Night,
 Where sparkling stars doe shooting take their flight.

Thy cheekes *Aurora* like, when with her Dew,
 The Rose and Lillie she doth sprinkle sweete :
 Resembling drops that seeded Pearle doe shew,
 As if that double Beautie did them greet.

Thy Hand, no hand, it is the daintie Glone,
 Which *Psyche* ware, when she was wed to *LOVE*."

(p. 31, st. 1 and 2.)

13. Sleep and Dreams.

" Come gentle sleepe (sweet sleepe) my welcome Friend,
 Come comfort me with shadow of my Loue,
 And her, in vision quickly to me send,
 For whom these griefes and bitter pangs I proue.
 Black Night be thou far darker then thou art,
 Thy chifest Beautie is to be most darke.

By thee my peace and pleasure doth arise,
 Whilst I through thy deceit (yet liking me)
 Doe seeme to ioy with her in louely wife,
 Although from hence (God knowes) far off she be.
 Such is the pleasure that herein I take,
 As more I could not ioy, were I awake.

Thou shewst to me the trammels of her Haire,
Clept SCALA COELI, locks of pure Delight :
Her snowy Neck, the cause of my sweete Care ;
Her eyes like Saphires sparkling in the night :
With other sights, vnseemly to be knowne :
All these sweet sleep, through thee to me are showne."

(p. 33, st. 1 to 3.)

14. Love-Warnings.

“ALBA thinkst thou, thy Mouth shall still be MAY,
And that thy Colour fresh, still faire will be?
That Time and Fortune will not weare away
Beautlee, which God and Nature lends to thee?
Yes, yes, that white and red, thy Cheekes now show,
Shall quicklie change, and blacke and yellow grow.

The Giniper the longer it doth flower,
The older still it waxeth, bowing still,
And that sweete face of thine, which now hath power
Whole worlds with wondering at the same to fill,
Shall (though it now fauns blemish be) a Staine,
Hereafter with thicke wrinckled Clifts remaine.

Great care to keepe this Beautie fraile must be,
Which we (God knowes) a small time doe enioy,
Doe what we can, we lose it suddene ;
Why, then, being courted shouldst thou seeme so coy,
Fortunes wings made of Times feathers neere stay,
But eare thou them canst measure, flit away.

Then be not ouer hard, like changeles Fate,
But let my Cries force thee (at last) relent,
Doe not oppose thy selfe too obfinate
Gainst him, whose time to honor thee is spent :
Ah let me fpeake the trueth (though fomewhat bold)
Though now th'art yong, thou one day muft be old.

(p. 38, st. 1 to 4).

15. Despair.

“ Teares I did shed, but teares I shed in vaine ;
Vowes I did make, my Vowes she did reiect ;
Prayers I offred, Prayers she did disdain ;
Presents I sent, but them sh^e would not accept.
If teares, vowes, prayers, nor presents can doe good,
What then remains, but for to offer blood ? ”

(p. 41, st. 2.)

16. **Swift Doom.**

" A kinde of Pitie tis, quickly to kill." (p. 41, st. 4.)

Introduction.

17. *Memories.*

" The sweet remembrance of thy fight of yore,
Th' only companion is of my deare life,
Thy presence was, which absent I adore,
My paradise and place of joy most ripe.
So I alone am not, though None's with mee,
As I was in Heauen, when I thy face did see."

(p. 43, st. 3.)

18. *All Nature invoked.*

" Ye valleys deep withouten bottome found ;
Ye Hills that match with height the azure skie ;
Ye Causes by Nature hollow vnder ground,
Where quiet rest and silence alwaies lie,
Thou gloomy Aire which euer to the fight
Bringst darknes still, but neuer cheerfull light.

Ye vncouth Pathes, ye solitarie walks,
Ye breackneck Rocks, most ghastlie for to see,
Ye dreadfull Dens where neuer any stalks,
And where scarce hissing Serpents dare to bee :
Ye fatall Vaults where mured Corpes lie,
Haunted with hatefull sprites continuallie.

Ye Wilderneses and ye Deserts wilde,
Ye strange Shores nere yet inhabited,
Ye Places from all pleasures quite exile,
Where sad Melancholy and Griefe is fled,
Heare me, who am a shadow and a Ghost,
Dand with eternall sorrow to be crost.

Hear me, since I am come for to bewaile,
Mongst you, my Faith, my Constance, and Loue,
I hope with my lowd Cries and dreerie Tale,
Though not the Heauens, yet Hell at least to moue :
Since more the Griefes are which within me grow,
Then Heauen hath pleasures, or Hel, Plagues below.

(p. 44, st. 1 to 4.)

19. *The Alps.*

" My ioyles Hart a troubled Spring is like,
Which from the tops of matchles Alpes most hie,
Falls with a mightie noise downe headlong right,
By vncouth stony wayes most dreadfully,
Where all his Hopes he in the Deepe doth drowne :
A fatall signe of fortunes heauie frowne.

Darke pitchie cloudes of hugie Mountaines steepe,
The loftiest part do hie from Sunny heate :

Seeld any winde of Pitie there doth fleete,
Them to dissolue, their thicknes is so great.
For no calme Aire of gentle Loue doth blow,
Where swelling Anger frets in furious show.

Thence doth my Tributarie Hart forth send
Through peable stones, now here, now there along,
A little Brooke into the Sea to wend,
As signe that I my dutie would not wrong :
For ALBA mine, (Degree aboue Compare)
A large Sea is of fundrie Beauties rare.

(p. 46, st. 1 to 3.)

20. Smallest Grace.

" And yet my fute is small, small is the Grace
That I desire, (for somewhat I deferue)
Tis only for to die before her face,
From whom in Dutie (yet) I nere did fwerue :
That she might know my life doth me annoy,
Vnles I might her company enioy." (p. 52, st. 4.)

21. A third Portrait.

" As she lookes now, so lookes the Moone in skies,
When mongft the gloomie clowdes portending raine,
She with the watric horned head forth pries,
Spreading abroad her dewie beames amaine :
So we *Aurora* vse for to depaint,
Mongft palish violets, when she looketh faint.

Pitie is mixt with grieve in her faire face,
And Grieve with Pitie in the same conioyne,
Where LOVE (though sick) sits with a louely grace,
In midft of sickly palenes in her eyne.
Sicknes it felfe so louely nere did looke,
But since her Inne in ALBAS breast she tooke.

That stately Haughtines she had before,
Now changde is into low Humilitie :
And that same glance that faithles was of yore,
Now faithfull sheweth and full of Loyaltie.
So with her Colour if she did cruell take,
Yet Pitifull her Palenes doth her make." (p. 55, st. 2 to 4.)

22. Shew not Reality — pleading.

" To thee farre off (from me) these sighs I send,
To thee farre off from Loue, I, neere to die,
To know if thou thy selfewill minde wilt mend,
Defisting from thy hatefull Crueltie.

Beautie if it be milde, it is renownd ;
If it be proud, a foule reproch tis found.

Thou makst a shew as if thou wouldst be kinde :
But tis a shadow, not a substance right :
For coming vnto triall straight I finde,
Thy skainfull chaft lookes puts my Hope to flight :
Whilft thou dost seeme at these my Woes to grieue,
Yet them with succour neuer dost relieue.

Thy Griefe (for me) a passion's in a play,
Which men doth rauish with Melancholy :
But acted once, and out of sight away,
In minde, no longer there doth stay, but dy :
Thou art the Actor playing such a part,
My griefes neere deeply pearce into thy hart.

O would I could from Reasons Court obtaine,
A *Superfideas*, LOVE for to remoue,
From out my Brest to thee, to ease my paine,
That thou the force thereof a while mightst proue.
But Destinie wils that I thy slaue do stay,
And so I will, who bound is, must obey." (p. 58, st. 1 to 4.)

23. Vain Ambition.

"Th' yuie that climbing vp by th' elme doth runne,
Neuer can get hold of the beames of Sunne." (p. 61, st. 2.)

24. No Hope.

"All these, and many another worfer grieve,
Are no such plagues as is that Marble Hart,
(That Marble Hart) that yeelds me no reliefe,
Nor euer sought some comfort to impart.
The resolution of the Heauens, nor any Time,
Can make (that Brest) to yeeld to my Designe."
(p. 64, st. 3.)

25. Bracelet-enchantment.

"Thrice trebble blessed BRACELET, rich in prise,
I enuie not thy perlie fret, nor golde,
But fortune thine, because in happie wife,
The place of perfect pleasure thou dost holde.
About that wrift thou turnest and windst so oft,
More white then Snow, then thistle down more soft.
Base mindes loue Golde : tis not thy Golde; I steeme,
For this I onely value thee at much,
Because an Ornament th'art to be seene,
Of her white Hand yclept of right NONESUCH :

NONESVCH indeede, whose Beautie is so rare,
As nere the like, attaine the perfects Faire.

This is the cause so highlie I thee rate,
As all the golden Mines of Indian Ground,
Nor Seas of Pearle can counteruaile thy state,
Wherein thou art this present to be found :
And, if that trueth I shall confesse indeede,
The wealth of all the world thou dost exceede.

But when I marke, how by strange cunning Art,
Faire louelie Haires, with Pearle and Golde conioyne,
A pleasing ioy doth feize vpon my Heart,
Whilest with strange pleasures, Fancie feeds my mind :
So as (sweete BRACELET) thou dost rightly proue,
To be th' enchantment of bewitching LOVE."
(p. 68, st. 1 to 4.)

26. The Miserable.

" No sweeter Musick to the Miserable,
Then is Despayre : therefore the more I feele
Of bitternes, of sorrow fower and fell,
The more of Sweetnes it doth seeme to yeeld.
Vaine I esteeme my life, all libertie,
Since I do want mine ALBAS Companie." (p. 71, st. 3.)

27. A love-gift.

" Thice precious purse, by daintie Hand ywrought,
Of Beauties First Borne, Fauours rightfull Heire,
Not for a world of wealth, purchast or bought,
But freely giuen (for Loue) by ALBA faire :
Giuen to me, vnworthie of the same,
As one not meriting so great a Gaine.
Tis not the riches hereof, though tis much,
Nor rarenes of the worke surpassing skill,
That I account of, though that it be such,
As euery eye, with mafeiment it doth fill :
But cause t'was made by that Alconquering Hand,
Whose becke, euē Loues own self doth countermaid."
(p. 72, st. 1 and 2.)

28. Hankerchief.

" Ah happie Handkercher, that keepst the signe,
(As only Monument vnto my Fame)
How deare my Loue was to sweet ALBA mine,
VVhen (so) to shew my Loue she did me blame.
Relique of LOVE I do not enuie thee,
Though whom thy Master cannot, thou dost see.

Only let me intreat this Favour small,
 When in her chamber all alone by chance,
 Open her pretie Casket for some work she shall,
 And hap her eye on thee vnwares to glance :
 Ah, then the colour of her face bet marke,
 And thou by that shalt know her inward hart.

If she shall blush, and grieve, thee so to view,
 And wifly cast on thee a piteous eye,
 It is a signe her love continues true,
 And that her faith she doth not falsifie.
 Ah, then (afresh) (her faith more firme to moue)
 Bleed thou againe, for to reuine her Love.

But if she (seeing thee) no account doth make,
 Flinging thee here and there without regard :
 Know then expired is my louing Date,
 My Hope deceiu'd, my Fortune ouer hard.
 Yet if she doth but sighing say to thee,
 (Safely) (Farewell deare SERVANT) happie mee."
 (p. 75, st. 1 to 4.)

29. Despondency.

" Those ebbon windowes sweete, those cheerfull eyes,
 Where LOVE (at LAVVGH and sweete looke on) doth play,
 Are on the sudden changle in stranie wife,
 And do Disdaines Ensigne (gainst me) display :
 Darke now they seeme, and fower, ore passing bad,
 Making my life seeme to me black and sad.

Those cheerfull eyes, which wont to comfort me,
 And to my hungrie soule yeeld nourishment,
 Denie me foode, nor will they pleased be,
 But mew me vp, as starueling closely pent.
 My walks I vnde, which faire and easie were,
 Are stoppt with blood-drawing brables every where.

My crased hart thus skorned for his Love
 And plagued with proud disdaine and schainfull Pride,
 Wailes so as would a Rock (though stonie) moue :
 Nor better couric hath this Disgrace to bide,
 Then sighs and Teares, which forth he sends apace,
 And (damned like) still begs, but nere finds grace.

Sweete stay of my weake tottering life nie false,
 Balme to my wounds, and Cordiall to my griefe,
 Light to my darknes, to my storme, milde Calme,
 Ease to my paine, and to my want, Reliefe.
 Ah who hath now (and that so suddenly)
 O'ertur'd thee depu'd, to make me die ?

Poore wasted Hart that wandrest not astray,
 Although thy PEARLE her orient colour change :
 Thou, which in thy first Faith vntained dost stay,
 Although she from her plighted vow doth range.
 Ah, where are now thy cheerfull daies of Hope ?
 Thy Liues line, Loue, what wretched hād hath broke ?”
 (p. 76, st. 1 to 4; p. 77, st. 1.)

30. Longing in Exile.

“ O that I were where bides mine ALBA faire,
 VVhose perfon to possesse is pleasure such,
 As driues away all melancholy Care,
 Which doth the Hart through Griefs impressiō touch :
 Whose louely Locks All do more curious deeme,
 When they most careles to be dressed seeme.
 Her sweet Lookes most alluring be, when they
 Most chaste do seeme in modest glancing shew :
 Her words, the more they vertuously do way,
 The more (in count) for amorous they go :
 Her dressing such as when neglected most,
 She's thought as then to haue bestowed most cost.
 Sweet Fortune, when I meet my louely Treasure,
 Dash my Delights with some small light disgrace,
 Left I (enjoying sweetnes boue all measure)
 Surfet without recure on thy faire face.
 Her wonted coynesse let her vse a while,
 My fierce Desire by Diet to beguile.
 Left with the fulnes of my ioyes, abate
 The sweetnes, and I perish straight before
 I do possesse them, at too deare a rate.
 But soft (Fond *Icarus*) how high wilt soare :
 Thou dreamest I think, or foulie dost mistake,
 I dreame indeed, Ah might I neuer wake.”
 (p. 78, st. 1 to 4.)

31. The Hawk and Lure.

“ Like as the Hawke cast from the Faulknrs fist,
 Freed from the Mew doth (ioyfull) take his flight,
 Soaring aloft in th'aire as best him list,
 Now here, now there, doth finde no small delight,
 Enjoying that, which Treasures all doth passe,
 (His libertie) wherefore he prisoner was.
 But when th'acquainted Hollow he doth heare,
 And seeth the Lure cast forth him home to traine,
 As one obedient full of awfull feare,

He leaves his fight, and backward turnes againe,
 Chasing in ancient bonds for to be bound,
 Fore faithles to his Lord he will be found :

So (ALBA) though I wanton, otherwhile,
 Do runne abroad, and other Ladies court,
 Seeking the time with pleasures to beguile,
 And oft my selfe with words of course do sport,
 Diffembling with Diffemblers cunninglie,
 As is the guise, with tongue, with hand, and Eye.

Yet when I thinke vpon thy face diuine,
 Thy Beautie calls me home, straight as a Lure,
 All other banishing from Hart of mine,
 And in LOVES Bands to thee doth binde me sure.
 And since my Faith, and Fates do so ordaine,
 I am content thy prisoner to remaine.

Where are those Haires so louely Browne in shew ?
 Where is that snowy Mount of Iuorie white ?
 With damaske Rose where do the Lillies grow ?
 Whose Colours & whose sweetnes All delight ?
 Where are those cheerfull Lights, Lamps of cleere Loue
 Wherein, a beauntious Heauen doth alwaies moue."
 (p. 79, st. 1 to 4; p. 80, st. 1.)

32. Homage.

"To thee (Deare Faire) that makst me fare amiffe,
 To thee my *Goddesse* I my prayers make,
 And prostrate fall before thy *Skrine of Blisse*,
 Crauing of thee, that them in worth thou take,
 Whilest I to thee my Hart in humble wife,
 Vpon thy beauntious Altar sacrifice." (p. 86, st. 1.)

33. Can't surcease to love.

"Support my feeble Thoughts, that scarce can moue,
 For thou wert wont, such, better to commend,
 Who would persist more loyall in their Loue,
 And perseuere vnto the latest end,
 Then those, who whē Loues course they gan to run,
 Would giue it ore, before halfe way were done.

I cannot doe so, for my longing Hart,
 Is knit in thine, in such perfection strange,
 That Death these twaine in funder cannot part,
 Nor length of Time, nor Places distant change :
 Thy *Beauntious Vertue*, *Vertuous Beautie* tis,
 That makes me ioy in noy, take Bale for blis."
 (p. 87, st. 2 and 3.)

34. Love-letany.

" Now that my weary spirits do runne their race,
To those transplendent Lamps of ALBA faire :
And gazing there (in vaine) do plead for grace,
Leauing their ancient lodging nakte and bare.
She as their Foe stands on her Brauerie,
And passage to their Entrance doth denie." (p. 89, st. 1.)

35. Love's Armour.

" Against her wrath Ile true and Humble be,
For Faiths my Fence, my Shield's, Humilitie."
(*ibid.*, st. 4, ll. 5, 6.)

36. Parting.

" So great a grieve did neuer pearce the Hart,
Of any louing Mother ouer kinde,
When she her only sonne readie to part,
Doth fee to forraine Countrie gainst her minde,
Losing the staffe of her old Age and stay,
On whom the Hope of all her Comfort lay.
As wofull I, when I those louely Eyes
Saw to looke back, which I should see no more
Of many daies, and when in pitious wife,
They shewd by signes Our parting grieu'd them fore,
Ah when her last looke backe on me she cast,
Then, then, I thought I should haue breath'd my last.
Yet for my Harts sake did my spirits reuiue,
And life once more recouered they againe,
Whilst staring after her I kept aliue,
And thought that I (not seeing her) saw her plaine.
Long time my Powers were got into my sight,
Deluding me with pleasing false Delight." (p. 93, st. 1 to 3.)

37. Physicians useless.

" Sick in my lothed Bed I languish fast,
Nor can my learned Doctor help me ought,
His cunning now is at the latest cast,
Yet he no ease to crased me hath brought.
And marueile none though he no helpe can finde,
Sicke am I not in Bodie, but in minde." (p. 96, st. 1.)

38. Lady-love ill.

" Pure *Iuorie* white, with spot of *Crimson* red,
Where *Beauties First Borne* lay the perfect Molde,
Or like *Aurora* rising from her Bed,
Such was mine ALBA faire for to beholde.

Introduction.

Such was She, when She loudly LOVE ore came,
The Conquerers Glory, Conquereds Playing Same.

But now that *Callor* faire hath changde his grace,
Through *Burning Fever*, (deadly in his kinde)
And *Sailow Palenes* stained hath that Face,
To whom the Prize for *Favour* was affinde,
Sicke is my *Lady*, sicke is all *Delight*,
And brightest Day is turnde to darkest Night.

Fortune hath stolne from ALBA, tooke from LOVE,
From him she takes his *Solace*, *Sport* and *Play*;
From Her her *Beautie* which she would improue,
And to her selfe, would (safely) it conuay.
Being *Pitifull* the *Cruell* seemes to be
And in her *Blindenes* sheweth that she can see.

As a *Fortune* darke as *Molls* in any Good;
But to the Hart, as *Argus*, full of Eyes,
In outward shew, a *Tiger* fierce and wood:
And yet to me she's kinde in piteous wife.
Since She, by drawing *Beautie* from that place,
Quencheth hath my *Fier*, to ease me for a space."
(p. 99, st. 1 to 4.)

39. Heart dying.

Mr *Harve* upon his Deathbed, sicke, did lye,
Cailing vpon proud ALBA but in vaine;
For *Cruell* she, (for pittie) it did crie,
Yet had *Republie* through *Rigor* of *Disdaine*.
So as to live thus (long) it could not bide,
For some came vp the *Ghost*, and so he dide.

There is the *Widow* of bad *Fortune* hard,
In mourning robes & quicklie was conuaid,
A place for their last *Funerals* preparede,
Where as a *Tricke* of *Lynette* 'twas laide.
Lament, Sorrow, Griefe, Sorrow, Care, and Feare,
With *little* *Deaths*, the chiefeft mourners were.

When the *Merce*, great store of *Tears* were shed;
When *Wicks* that shone so cleare and bright,
Were by *Cruell* miled,
When he thought to see a wofull fight.
When the *Widow* sang with wofull *Plaint*,
Singing with a *blacke* and *dimall* Saunt.

When the *Widow* was
The *Widow* and *Widow* with *Arrows* sharpe & keene,

The Epitaph (for such as by should pas)
 Vvas thus subſcribde, and carued to be ſeene.
Loe here that gentle Hart entombde doth lie,
Whom cruell ALBA cauſeles forſt to die."

(p. 100, st. 1 to 4.)

40. Passion.

"Vnhappie Pilgrim I, borne ſtill to euill
 To ſhrine her for a Saint, who is a Deuill." (p. 112, st. 4.)

41. Friendship.

"When *Beautie* ſickneth, then *Deſire* doth die,
Fauor doth wade moſt flouring in his prime,
 Then *LOVE* doth ebbe, when flowes *Aduerſitie*,
 But *Friendſhip* bides out euerie ſtormie *Time*.
 (p. 113, st. 1, ll. 1 to 4.)

42. Respect.

"(LADIE) *I hope no line is here ſet downe,*
Sauns awfull looking backe vnto your frowne."
 (p. 116, st. 2, ll. 5, 6.)

43. Heaven.

"Thou, then ſhalt be, whereas the *Bleſſed* are,
 pure = *Poore Soule*, mongſt *Soules*, mongſt *Stars*, a brightſome *Starre*."
 (p. 121, st. 4, ll. 5, 6.)

44. Living Death.

"Thou *LIFE* which *Life* art calde, and yet art *Death*.
 Thou *DEATH*, which *Death* art termde, and yet art *Life*,
 Say ; which of you maintaine my vitall breath,
 Within this wretched Vale of Worldly ſtrife?
 Say, which prolongs my *Life*, moſt of you *Twaine*?
 Or thou *LIFE*, or thou *DEATH* : ſay both the ſame.
 Wherefore, what ere he be, that meanes to ioy
 This other *LIFE* that is *Celeſtiall*,
 He muſt not ſcorne (to ſcape from worlds annoy)
 Nor thinke it much, to come when *DEATH* ſhall call.
 For *DEATH*, not *LIFE*, doth help vs at the end,
LIFE is our Foe, but *DEATH*, our deareſt Friend."
 (p. 123, st. 1 and 4.)

45. Heavenly Beauty.

"This *earthly Beautie* doth the *Sence* delight,
 But *Heauenly Beautie* doth the *minde* more pleaſe :
 The one the World hath as an Object right,
 And ſeekes the *World* to pleaſure with ſweet eaſe :

Introduction.

But th'other hath *Iekonah* for hir glasse,
Nor the for any but for him doth passe."

(p. 126, st. 1.)

46. Earthly Beauty.

"Faire *Pearle*, fine golde, bafe *excrements* of th'earth ;
What's *Beautie*, but a little *White* and *Red* ?
Reuiued with a little liuely *Breath*,
With *Winde*, or *Sunne*, or *Sicknes* altered ?
All this doth *Time* confume and bring to nought,
And all what ere into this world is brought.

The fairest *Colours* drie and vanish shall ;
The *yongſt* muſt pack as well as doth the *Olde* :
All mortall things to mortall death muſt fall,
And therefore fiſt were caſt in earthly molde.
That which doth florish greene as graſſe to-day,
To morrow withereth like to dried Hay."

(p. 127, st. 3 and 4.)

47. The Sence.

"The *Sence* doth burne with *Loues* vnperfect works,"

(p. 126, st. 2, l. 1.)

48. Euanescence.

"The faireſt Flower muſt wither with the weed,
What ſo doth liue, to die was fiſt decreede." (p. 128, st. 2.)

49. Immortality.

Who dyeth ill, dyes ; who dieth well, neuer dies,
But liues a life about Eternallie :
Like good *Eſas*, who in wondrous wiſe,
Was from baſe Earth tooke vp to liue in ſkie :
Where bide *Th' elect of Chriſt* for euer bleſt,
In *Abrahams* boſome there for aye to reſt.

(p. 128, st. 4.)

~~These variations~~ — which might be abundantly and
~~unmistakably increased~~ — vindicate for Tofte his own utmost
~~claim to a high~~ place in England's great Antiphon. He
~~was a Robin~~ Nightingale, but he *was* the 'Robin Red
~~breast~~ ~~to name and re-name himself.~~
~~The reader will have observed~~ Italian-derived
~~and was found in the~~ The following details of most
~~are very important~~ together with related things. Some

very sensible remarks on the impropriety of thus adulterating the English tongue will be found in Puttenham's *Art of Poefie* (b. iii, f. 22).

Page 3, st. 2, l. 1, *daine* = dignify; so the Italian, *dignare*, is used occasionally.

„ 23, st. 1, l. 3, *doth his dutie*, i.e., does his best = *fa il suo dovere*.

„ 27, st. 3, l. 2, and in four other places, *noy* for annoyance = *noia*. Also used by Lodge. *Vide Nares, s.v.*

„ 29, st. 2, l. 1, *humour*, moisture = *umore* (Latin *humor*). Also in Spenser, *v. Richardson, s.v.*; and “*humorous night*” is in Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*.

„ 35, st. 2, l. 5, *pover*, poor = *povero*; unless it be rather the French *pauvre*.

„ 39, st. 3, l. 3, *prove*, attempt = *provare*.

„ 43, st. 2, l. 6, *of thy sweet sake*. I can make nothing of this, unless *sake* is an eccentric translation of *grazie*, and Tofte meant *of thy sweet grace*.

„ 51, st. 1, ll. 5, 6 } *more . . . the more*. A peculiar use,
 „ 54, st. 4, ll. 3, 4 } corresponding to the Italian, *più*
 „ 67, st. 1, l. 6 } *tanto più* (found in Dante),
 and to *plus . . . tant plus*, in old French. Cf.
 also *sharper . . . the shroder*, p. 63, st. 3, ll. 2, 3.

„ 54, st. 2, l. 2, *bandies*, banishes = *bandire*.

„ 56, st. 1, l. 6, *expecting . . . when*; cf. the Italian, *espettare . . . che*; or the Latin, *expectare dum*, is nearer.

„ 63, st. 2, l. 6, *disdained*, disdainful = *sdegnato*. Add *sdainfull* = *sdegnoso*, p. 58, st. 2, l. 4, *Sdeign* is used by Spenser.

„ 67, st. 2, l. 5, *the farther I to find*, i.e., from finding. In Italian the infinitive would be used as substantive, and Tofte has attempted to reproduce this in English.

„ 68, st. 2, l. 1, *steeme*, esteem = *stimare*.

„ 80, st. 2, l. 3, *her straining beauties sight*. See Notes

and Illustrations. Perhaps the explanation in the note is plausible enough for so fantastic a writer as Tofte; but it seems possible that by *straining* he meant *strange*; Italian *strano* or *stranio*.

Page 85, st. 1, l. 2, *extract*, extracted = estratto.

" 88, st. 3, l. 1, *poste*, placed = posto.

" 90, st. 3, l. 1, *suspect*, suspicion = sospetto. This, of course, is common contemporaneously and earlier.

" 93, st. 4, l. 2, *disgrace*, misfortune = disgrazia.

" 94, st. 3, l. 3, *is to see*, is to be scene = è a vedere. Common at the time.

" 119, st. 1, l. 4, *condole*, lament; nearly = Italian *condolersi*.

The following may be added by way of supplement:

- (1) Verbs used as substantives according to the well-known Italian idiom: *shine*, p. 2, l. 2; *denay*, p. 41, st. 1, l. 4; *compare*, p. 46, st. 3, l. 5.
- (2) Verbs ending *ise*: *rumatise*, p. 17, st. 2, l. 3; *memorise*, p. 18, st. 1, l. 2; *tyrannise*, p. 32, st. 2, l. 1, and p. 63, st. 1, l. 6; *subtillise*, p. 32, st. 2, l. 3; *haroldise*, p. 42, st. 4, l. 5; *canonise*, p. 42, st. 4, l. 6; *mirorise*, p. 54, st. 4, l. 5; *adulterise*, p. 63, st. 1, l. 5; *politise*, p. 65, st. 3, l. 1; *temporise*, p. 65, st. 3, l. 3; *serenising*, p. 66, st. 3, l. 2; *anatomise*, p. 73, st. 4, l. 5, and p. 95, st. 4, l. 5; *exvenomise*, p. 85, st. 4, l. 6; *induratise*, p. 86, st. 2, l. 5; *retranquillise*, p. 86, st. 2, l. 6; *satamise*, p. 132, st. 4, l. 5.

Of these sixteen verbs, five, or perhaps six, are English now; but in those days the use of such verbs was reckoned as a badge of Italianism. Nash, in the epistle prefixed to the second edition of *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1594, writes: "Others object unto me . . . the often coyning of Italionate verbs, which end all in *ise*, as *mummi-*

anise, tympanise, tirannise. My ubraided Italionate verbs are the least crime of a thousand, since they are grown in general request with every good poet. Besides, they carrie farre more state with them then any other, and are not halfe so harsh in their desinence as the old hobling English verbes ending in *r*; they expresse more then any other verbes whatsoever, and that [kind of] substantives would be quite barraine of verbs, but for that ending." (Reprinted by J. P. Collier, in preface to his reprint of Harvey's *New Letter of Notable Contents*.)

- (3) Words which have a syllable added on at the end, probably to satisfy an ear accustomed to the Italian endings in *o* and *a*, though the affixes are *Teutonic*, not Italian. This is by no means peculiar to Tofte. The instances I have noted in *Alba* are: *devoutfull, strangie, calmie, hugie, vastie, cooly, blacksomes, paradised, palish*. If the above alternative explanation of *straining*, p. 80, as = *strange*, is right, it is another instance of the same tendency.

- (4) And wanting blood, Paleness sits on my face, p. 56, st. 2, l. 2;

Holding thee *Deere*, why sets by me so light, p. 110, st. 1, l. 3.

In each of these lines the first clause is what is called a *nominativũ pendens*; a construction into which a man might be entrapped by familiarity with the use of the present participle in Italian, which itself seems a relic of the Latin ablative absolute.

- (5) The hyperbolical superlative found in Ariosto and other Italians, and very popular in England at the time. See Ben Jonson's frequent ridicule of it.

By vertue of her *more then radiant* beames,

p. 57, st. 3, l. 4.

Thy spotless life, thy *more than chaste* desire,
ib., st. 4, l. 6.

My love which is to thee *more then extream*,
p. 95, st. 2, l. 5.

More then high time tis for thee to relent,
p. 103, st. 3, l. 1.

- (6) The use of the infinitive without *to*, is perhaps also a trace of Italian influence. Instances are, *seeke*, p. 63, st. 3, l. 5 ; and *prate*, p. 104, st. 3, l. 1.

- (7) Of the numerous awkward inversions in which Tosted delights, I select those which seem most like Italian inversions:

p. 64, st. 2, l. 2, My *willing minde* to doe what
wild Command, i.e., mind willing . . . Command
willed.

p. 68, st. 2, l. 6, As nere the like attainde the
perfects Faire, i.e., never the most perfect Faire
(beauty) attained the like.

p. 73, st. 3, l. 2, A quenchles burning this my
secret Fire, *i.e.*, my secret Fire [makes] a quench-
les burning.

p. 77, st. 3, l. 6, That opens wide the path of proud Disdaine, *i.e.*, that the path of proud disdain opens wide.

p. 93, st. 1, ll. 3, 4, When she her only sonne
readie to part, doth see to forraine Countrie gainst
her minde, *i.e.*, when she doth see her only son
ready to part for foreign Country.

p. 106, st. 2, l. 2, As merits due desert, *i.e.*, as due desert merits.

- (8) *Thy Beautious Vertue, Vertuous Beautie tis*, &c., p. 87, st. 3, l. 5. This sort of hypallage (or whatever the right name of it may be) is an Italian peculiarity, e.g.:

**Amorosa onestate, onesto amore,
Con severa pietà grato rigore,
Ed in alta umiltate umile altezza.**

(Annibal Caro.)

- (9) p. 96, st. 3, ll. 5, 6, *long*, adj., rhymed to *long*, verb. The regular rule of Italian versification is, that a word can rhyme to another word the same in form and sound, but different in sense. This refinement does not seem ever to have taken root in England. I may cite, however, the following from Gabriel Harvey (*The Trimming of Thomas Nash*, Collier's reprint, p. 27): "It may be thou likest not these verses, for that they want riming words, and I ende both the verses with one word: no, *Tom*, noe, thinke not soe, bewray not so thy poetry, for that distich is best contrived, and most elegant, that endes both verses with one word, if they import a divers sense."

We wind up with a few *Gallicisms*.

Page 3, st. 3, l. 2, *novel*, new = nouveau, nouvelle.

" 29, st. 3, l. 4, *reuilde*, made vile, wrought low = Fr., ravili.

" 30, { st. 2, l. 3, *boun gree* = á bongré.
 { st. 4, l. 2, *outer-boldness* is exactly outre = cu-
 dance (also accepted in the English, *v. Nares, s.v.*)

" 61, st. 4, l. 5 } the Cruel = la Cruelle (also found in old
 " 92, st. 1, l. 3 } English, and largely in old Scotch;
 but everywhere a distinct Gallicism.

" 73, *crueltise*, a French form though not a French word, formed on the model of *covetise*.

There are reminiscences of contemporaries in *Alba*. Thus, SPENSER'S *Ruins of Rome*, or from Bellay himself, was undoubtably before him when he wrote thus:

" You stately Hills, you princelike Ruins olde.
 Which proudly in your last remainders show,
 And who as yet the name of faire *Rome* holde,
 To whom did once the whole world homage owe.
 The place where (now) so many Relikes lie,
 Of Holy foules honord for Chrif to die.

You Theaters, you Conquerors Arches faire,
 Coloffes huge, and mafsie Pillers great,

Triumphant Skowes of more then Glory rare,
Where Victorie with pomp did take their seate :
Lo what a wonder strange in you is wrought,
You now are dust, confumde (as twere) to nought.

Though conquering War, doth make in time to come,
Many things flourish, and with Fame to rise :
Yet in the end when all is past and done,
Time doth All this consume in spitefull wife,
All Monuments, all Monarchs that have been,
Time in the end destroyes, and weares out cleane.
(p. 37, st. 1 to 3.)

Again Lord Vaux (*Fuller Worthies Library* edition, p. 24).

"Is this a life? naye death you maie it call,
That feelles each paine and knoweth no ioye at all"

is recalled by p. 32, st. 1. ll. 5-6 :

"Then death, not life, I may this liuing call,
Where ceaseles Noy, not ioy, doth me befall."

So elsewhere.

Once more—we read in Thomas Watson's *Ἑκατομπαθια*,
Sonnet xlvii, thus :

"More fierce is my sweete *loue*, more hard withall,
Then Beast, or Birde, then Tree, or stony wall"

which is worked into p. 66, st. 2, ll. 3-4, thus :

"Shoulde haue a hart more cruell and more fell
Then Tiger, harder then a stony wall."

These lines had already been transplanted bodily into
Kyd's Spanish Tragedy. Further: At p. 91, cf. Sir Thomas
Wyatt's Sonnet :

"Lyke unto these unmeasurable mountaines."

I have an idea that a more intimate knowledge of con-
temporary (minor) Italian Poets than I can pretend to, would
reveal indebtedness in *Alba* and in *Laura* to some of them.

Altogether I do not imagine that any of my constituency
at any rate, will differ from me in regarding ROBERT TOFTE
as a worthy addition to these Occasional Issues of unique
and extremely rare books.

For the absolutely unique exemplar of *Alba*, I am indebted, as pleasantly for others, to ALFRED H. HUTH, Esq. For many suggestions and modestly-rendered help in various ways, I have to thank right cordially one good friend (who will not allow himself to be named) in Edinburgh, and, as in other cases, my unfailing friend Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON has given me the benefit of his reading, in slip-proof, my Notes and Illustrations.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

*St. George's Vestry,
Blackburn, Lancashire,
19th November, 1880.*

P.S.— It is to be noted that Tofte addresses a man as only we would a woman (p. 6, l. 5), as Shakespeare and contemporaries did. Query (p. 47, st. 2, l. 6), 'leeke' may be = like? '*Burnham*' (p. 86, last line) has yielded no memorial of Tofte or Toftes to my inquiries. In Notes and Illustrations, for p. 104, read p. 105.— G.

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ALBA.
THE MONTHS
MINDE OF A ME-
LANCHOLY LOVER,
diuided into three
parts :

By R. T. Gentleman.

HEREVNTO IS ADDED A
most excellent pathetical and pafsionate Let-
ter, sent by Duke *D'Epernoun*, vnto the late
French King, *Henry* the 3. of that name,
when he was commanded from the
Court, and from his Royall
Companie. Tranflated
into English by the
foresaid Au-
thor.



Spes, Amor, & Fortuna valet.

At LONDON.
Printed by *Felix Kingston*, for *Matthew*
Lownes. 1598.

As glorious Pearle, the MARGARITE
At shine of Sunne doth shoue :
So doth she looke, or very like,
To whom I Dutie owe.

R. T.



TO THE NO LESSE
EXCELLENT THEN HO-
NORABLE DESCENDED

Gentlewoman, Miftresse

Anne Herne.

PVre Lampe of Vertue, burning alwaies bright,
VVho, Grace in me (vnworthie) dost infuse:
Cleere Sunne that driu'ft each doubtfull Mist from sight,
The firm'ft Maintainer of my crased Muse;
Lo I this *mournfull Verse* in fable weede,
From sorrowes Cell, do send thee for to reade.

Daine thou with cheerfull looke, what my fad eye
Distils from Lymbeck of a bleeding Hart;
Fruits of true Loue disdaine most wrongfully,
Vouchsafe of me (as of my Dutie) part,
A Wofull Wight, indebted paieth thee so:
Bankroutes in pleasure, can but pay with woe.

As often as the Moone doth change her course,
And Sunne to nouell Signe doth enter in:
So often I do call still for remorse,
Whilst endles sorrow doth new Griefe begin.
Once I each Month to CRUEL ALBA make,
A MONTHS MIND, yet no pitie she doth take.

A 2

Thou

Thou art the SHADVV of her SVBSTANCE faire,
Resembling her most perfectly in Shape :
Ah then but smile, and it shall ease my care,
Though stint it cannot, her nere dying hate :
Grant me this *Boone*, and neuer shall my Verfe
Leaue, of thy Christall BROOKE praise to rehearse.

Humbly deuoted vnto your
matchles Vertues.

R. T.



TO THE THRISE GE-
NEROVS AND NOBLE

Gentleman Sir *Calisthines Brooke*

Knight, one of her Maiesties

chiefe Commanders in

IRELAND.

Mirror of Knighthood, WORTHIES Caualiere,
Touchstone of Valour, Chiefe of Chiualrie ;
Honor of Field, to Foe a deadly Feare,
Wars bloody Ancient, Plague to *Surgedrie* :
Souldiers Reliefe, *Mars* braueft Coronell,
Bellonas Trumpet, Battailes Larum Bell :

Sweet to thy Friends, to Strangers nothing fower,
Whofe kinde Behauiour hath bin of fuch force,
As ore thy deadlieft Foes, th' haft had great power,
Making them learne true Pitie and Remorfe.

Witnes the fauadge KERNS, and IRISH wilde,
Wrought through thy *Cariage* sweete, both tame and
(milde.

Vertue and *Honor*, striue in thee t'exceede ;
Valour and *Beautie*, *Intrest* in thee claime,
Whilst thou thy *Noble House* nobleft indeede,
Thy House, not thee, through thy Palme-rifing Fame.
Worthy art thou to be (Faire matchles Wight)
MINION to *Kings*, to *Queenes*, dear FAVORITE.

A 3

Then

Then (Courteous KNIGHT) vouchsafe with cheerfull
This wofull Verfe (though worthles) to accept : (smile,
Begot by Griefe, brought forth as Sorrowes Childe,
Since Thee and Thine (as *Sacred*) I respect.
Ah had mine ALBA seene thy louely Face,
For thy sweet sake, I (then) had found some Grace.

At your honorable Disposition
alwaies to be commanded.

R. T.

To the right noble and mag-
nanimous Gentleman Sir John
Brooke knight, one of her
Maiesties chiefe Captaines in
the LOWE COUNTRIES.

BRaue KNIGHT, whose Vertues far exceed thy yeeres,
The Ornament of thy *thrife Noble House*,
VVhose Worth is such as findes abroad few Peeres :
So *Famous* art thou, and *Illustrious*,
Making the World to wonder at thy Praise,
Whilst to thy selfe new Glorie thou dost raise.

Thou like vnto another *Alexander*,
Art to thy Countries Foes, a *Tamberlaine*,
(A Bloody Scourge) whilst thou dost them indanger,
The Proudft of whom, thou makst to yeeld with shame :
Witnes the Siege of AMYENS late in FRANCE,
Where Knightly Honor thy Seruice did aduance.

Vouchsafe thou then great MARSIS *Parent Heire*
To lay aside thy Martiall minde a space,
And view these lines, *Th' untimely Fruits of Care*,
Which I desire (though not deferue) to grace :
Gratious thou art with All, then grace to One
This Verse, whose Grace I do entreate alone.

A 4

May

May be, when my coy ALBA shall perceiue,
This fauour done so kindly vnto me,
She (for a while) from Rigor then will breathe,
Taking Truce, (though not Peace) from Crueltie.
Grant me this Sute, and I with zeale will pray,
That when thou lou'ft, thy *Mistris* nere say *Nay*.

At your honorable Disposition
alwaies to be commanded.

R. T.

Richard Day to the Author.

*W*hilft lovely ROBIN REDBREST thou dost sing,
In chirping note her Beautie most diuine,
Whom thou to heauen with peales of praise dost ring,
The gentle Aire with thee keepes tune and time :
Aurora, from the skies on ALBA sweet,
Raines Roses, her in kindnes more to greet.

To heare thee sing the Windes are whist in th'aire,
And calmie Zephirus a coole fresh blast doth blow :
Flora doth smile, and Riuers forced are
To stay their course, they like thy musick so :
Willing they lend to thee their listning eare,
As who would say, Him only would we heare.

The sauage beasts do runne ; the liules stones
Tumble apace, and mouing Mountaines hie,
To heare how sweetly thou thy Loue bemones,
Taking delight in this rare melodie.
Whilft LOVE himselfe hearing thee making Loue,
The heate thereof as rauished doth proue.

So did the Thracian Orpheus heretofore,
Vpon the flowring bankes of Heber play
On skilfull Harpe, (as thou dost now implore
Longst TAMESIS) for faire Euredifay.
Be then our English Orpheus, raise thy Verse,
Thy worthie ALBAS praise, brauely rehearse.

R. Day. Gentleman.

*An Answer to his kinde friend
Richard Day. Gent.*

*N*O louely, nor beloued REDBREST I,
A ROBIN poore refusde, such one I am,
Which Ile ascribe vnto my Destinie,
And not impute it vnto ALBAS blame:
Yet will I chirp her praises to my skill,
Where Art doth want, my Hart supplies goodwill.

*Sweet Friend, tis thou that louely sweet dost sing,
No swanne, but rauens I; my voice is hoarse:
Thou DAY to the day the cleereſt light doſt bring,
And of thy DIAMANTA findeſt remorse.
Heauens, Aire, Windes, Earth, Beaſts, Stones, Hills, Seas
Thou canſt command by thy ſweet Verſes call. (and all,*

*To praise me thus thou doſt me too much wrong,
This waight's too heauie for my back to beare:
To thee and to thy Miſtris, Praise belong;
For you, not me, this Garland's fit to weare.
Yet ſince ſome Flowers thereof you do beſtow
On ALBA mine, I thankefull ſtill will ſhow.*

*Be thou our ALBIONS Orpheus moſt diuine,
I cannot play, my ioynts not nimble are:
Thou that art beſt in Loues ſweet tune and time,
Sound thou, directed by a beautionous Starre.
My Star is bright, yet let me tell the truth,
Where Beautie moſt abounds, there wants moſt ruth.*

R. T.

*A friend, though a stranger to
the Author.*

*When I by chance do reade thy dulcet Verse
I cannot (though a stranger, yet thy friend,
Thy passions be so pleasing, and so pierce)
But giue thee Due, and them (of right) commend.
So cunningly thy Verse doth ioyne with Art
Thy griefes makes yerne the hardest Readers hart.*

*If thou dost write, thou others dost enflame,
Thy stile is pure (well nie Celestiall)
Like to the Sunne sparkling his beames amaine,
Or like the Fire, whose heate doth soone appale.
To heare thy selfe (not others) sing, I long,
Sweet Bird thy Notes are sweete, sweet is thy Song.*

*Sing then sweet Bird with Ruddie Breast thy fill,
For I do loue, affect and honor thee :
Thou Sweet, I Constant, so continuing still,
A Cignet thou, and Ile a Louer bee :
So shall no loue be like the loue of mine,
No stile compare with stile so rare of thine.*

*Then be not mute, when thou maist gently moue ;
Keep not (alwaies) thy sorrowes to thy selfe ;
Still mone not priuately like turtle Doue ;
Content of Mind's worth all : seeke thine owne Health.
Thinke All things haue their course ; the time may come,
Though not obscurde, yet bright may shine thy Sunne.*

Per Ignoto.

An Answer.

*B*OUND by Desert, (thy Merits, but not mine)
A Stranger, thou, how shall I make amends?
That of thy friendship, such assured signe
(To me scant knowne) such louing Verses sends?
Thanks giue I; that's a yonger Brothers reward,
Nought els I haue, my Fortune is so hard.

My worthles lines th'haſt red, (as thou doſt write)
But (partiall thou) too much the ſame doſt praiſe,
To ſing ſtill kindly thou doſt me inuite,
My Glorie (but indeed my Shame) to blaze.
Alas I cannot; dead is that ſweet Fire,
Which did enſlame in me ſuch chaſt Deſire.

Then boldly ſang I, when thoſe louely Eyes
Were guides to me: but now that they are gone,
Now that my Sunne ſhines not in cheerful wiſe,
Nor my Fire heates me, I will weep and mone.
I, weep, (ſaith Cruell ALBA) weep thy fill,
For neuer more I ſee, or loue thee will.

But thou that conſtant art in thy vowde Loue
And (as Belou'd) thy Ladies loue doſt gaine
With thy ſweet Stile, and my ſad Plaints to moue,
Each Readers harts ſeeke thou in amorous vaine;
In ſecret ſtill Ilc ſorrow like the Doue,
And when my Sunne ſhall ſhine, then will I moue.

R. T.

To my deare friend R. T. Gent.

*S*weet Cignet that so sweetly dost deplore,
Thy sad lamenting Passions and thy loue,
Where TAMESIS doth flow alongst the shore,
And from cleere Ifs doth his passage moue,
Running alongst braue Troynouants right side
Till ceasles she into the Sea doth glide.

*Thou to the Nymphs dost sing so sweet a tune,
Gracing thy selfe with such a sugred note,
As VVaues and VVindes, are still, and calmie soone
To heare thee; nor desire they blow, or flote,
Whilst they do breath to vs this gentle Gust,
Only let ROBIN sing, All other Birds be husht.*

I. M. Gent.

The Answer of the Author.

*T*is thou, not I, that singst so sweet a Song,
Where MERSIE streames, whose waues are Siluer foūd,
Whose bankes are Gold, whilst he doth glide along
Into the swelling Trent his vtmost Bound.
You that in Loues Quire sing, heare him alone
Not me: my song's vnpleasant, full of mone.

*Heare him, who chaunts with such a pleasant Lay,
As he, Seas stormes, can (when he list) asswage;
Make stealing Time against his will to stay,
And calme the Windes, when most they seeme to rage:
Heare him; to vs (to heare him) tis a Grace,
Your Glorie to be husht, and giue him place.*

R. T.

The Author to Master R. A.

*Deare friend, in whom Euterpe doth instill
Each rare Concept, within thy learned brest,
Guiding so happily thy pleasing quill,
Whilst of thy Mistris Beautie th'art in Quest :
Making our TAMESIS for fame as rare,
As Tiber, when proud Rome Worlds scepter bare.*

*That LAWREL greene which in my youthfull yeares
I lou'd so much, so deare, as like could none,
A fatall barren Cypresse now appeares,
Which scarce in harsh and hatefull Verse I mone :
Too true presage of Falling of my Sunne,
And hastie Post of my sad Griefes to come.*

*Then to what end, since that it is in vaine,
My fickle penne, my bloodles hand to write
Cal'dst thou on me? that thus liue still in paine,
Since blinded I, haue lost mine ALBAS sight.
MERCIE no Mercie me, no more will show,
Now doth it ebbe, where it was wont to flow.*

*But thou whose Blood is hot, and in thy Prime,
And daily ioyest thy Cynthias Companie :
Rouse thee, and of right Eagle shew the signe,
And with thy Verse (thy flight) cut through the skie.
Whilst I mine ALBAS absence still bewaile,
Whose fight being lost, my fences needs must faile.*

R. T.



An Answer.

EVterpe, nor the Muses (*her sweet Mates*)
Pernassus drops infuse into my Braine :
My table is not furnisht with rare Cates,
(Daintie Conceits) which come from Poets vaine :
No sacred Furie me inspires t'endite,
But what first comes in braine (straight) that I write.

Thy Lawrel greene that thou hast lou'd so long,
Doth flourish still, nor fatall Cypresse tis ;
To feare too much, thy selfe thou much dost wrong,
And ouer-much to grieue, thou dost amisse.
No Sunne but falls as well as it doth rise,
And who (in Loue) liues without Contraries ?

Though ALBA'S gone, yet she'le againe returne,
Then write, that she may know thou dost her minde :
What Ladies promise, HONOR will performe,
Nor thinke that Beautie alwaies is unkinde :
ALBA is milde ; MERCIE will Mercie show,
No Riuer ebs, but it againe must flow.

I am at best and in my youthfull prime,
My louely Cynthias Fauour I enioy :
Yet think not but my Day is darke sometime,
As I do taste of Blisse, so feele I noy ;
Thus chirpe one ROBIN REDBREST to another,
Ah do not thy rare Gifts through sorrow smother.

R. A.

100

TO THE PICTURE OF HIS MISTRESS

Like to the Purpoise Tempests prophesies
 I play before the flame of my sad Teares .
 Or as the Swanne while furthest Note is higher,
 When Death is neerer, which he gently beares :
 So sing I, now that ALMA mine is parted,
 Who hath me left desolate and quite deserted.

Turne inke from Blacke to Gore in bloodinife,
 Paper from white change thou to deadly pale,
 Whilst I my Readers eyes do rumatise
 With brinish drops to heare this wofull Tale.
 This wofull tale, where sorrow is the ground,
 Whose bottom's such, as (nere) the Depth is found.

But vnto whom shall I (now) dedicate
 This mestfull verse, this mournfull Elegie ?
 Euen to my cruell Mistresse COVNTERFAITE,
 Of Beauties shape, the right Eternitie.
 Then to her PICTURE I present this verse,
 Of my slaine Hart (dead for pure loue) the Herse.

Here may I touch, kisse, talke, doe what I please
 Without Controle, Frowne, Anger, or Disdaine
 To breake ones minde in grieffe yet tis some ease],
 And boldly speake without replie againe.
 Ah that I were *Pigmalion* is this place,
 That *Venus*, me (as him she did) would grace

B

ALBA.

Alba Crudelissima.

Loe here the MONTHS MIND of my deare bought
Which (once a Month) I vowd to memorise, (Loue,
When first I fought the CRUEL FAIRE to moue,
Who alwaies did my sighs and teares despise.
This must my SABBOTH be, and HOLIDAY,
On which I (to my Goddesse) vse to pray.

This Feast I solemnise for her sweete sake,
(In absence hers) as if she present were,
For my proud CHOICE, who pitie none doth take
On me, that liue twixt Hope, despaire and feare.
(Deare ALBA) then accept this Sacrifice,
These dutious Teares, the Tribute of mine eyes.

Thinke how perplext fore PICTURE thine I stand ;
Thinke of the depth of my sad Passion ;
How I haue alwaies bin at thy command ;
How none but thee my thoughts still muse vpon.
Thinke how I euer tendred thy Good name,
Conseruing with my dearest Blood the same.

[Thin]ke how I still of thee had due respect,
[Thoug]h thou (at all times) didst me vse too hard ;
[And whom] withouten cause thou didst reiect,
[For my] good meaning too too meane reward)
[Alas] these wrongs which I endured haue,
[Wil]t remember me : Nought els I craue.

Troinquant.

Since

A L B A .

Since spiteful Fortune (fore against my will)
Hath drawn me farre from place where thou dost liue :
And that of force I must obey her still,
(Although to liue so doth me deadly grieue)
Yet though my Bodie is farre off, MY HART
Is still with thee, from whence it nere shall part.

Only of thee (sweete Ladie) this I craue,
That till our thred of life shall be vnspun,
Thou wilt vouchsafe me in thy mind to haue,
And not forget the Loue twixt vs begun.
But in thy Hart the same for to repose,
As I (the like) in inward soule doe close.

This only can (still) me in life conferue,
Thy gracious Fauour and thy Pitie sweete :
This is the pretious Balme, the pure Preferue,
Which I doe hope to finde, and still will seeke :
This makes me liue, although with great vnrest,
Since of thy selfe I haue bin dispossesst.

Thou art my Hope, my Hauen, my comfort chiefe,
On thee alone, on none els I relie :
Only to thee I come to begge reliefe ;
In thee it is if I shall liue or die.
(DEAREST) remember tis a Gift more rare,
CONSTANT to be, then to be counted FAIRE.

B I

Two

A L B A .

Two sparkling stars, fine golde, pure Ebonie,
From whence Loue takes his Brands, his Shafts & Bow,
Two daintie Apples, which though hid from eye,
Through vaile of Lawne, through lawne more faire do
A cherrie lip with Iuorie teeth most white, (show :
Where *Cupid* begs within that Grate so bright.

Vermilion Flowers that grow in Heauen aboue ;
Snow, which no wet can marre, nor Sunne can melt,
Right Margarite Pearle which alwaies Orient proue,
A Voyce, that Hart of marble makes to swelt,
A Smile that calmes the raging of the Sea,
And Skie more cleere makes then was wont to bee.

Graue, staied wifdome in yong and tender yeares,
A stately Gate, and Port maiefticall,
A Carriage (where in vertue (borne) appeares,
Lookes that disdaine, and yet delight withall,
Numbers of Fauours, Beauties infinite,
With Modestie, chaste, pure, and milde Delight.

An humble Soule within a Bodie rich,
A lowly Thought within a conquering Hart :
These are the workes which I commend so mich
Which Heauens & LOVE haue framde by curious Art :
All these I once enioyde : but they being gone,
My Note is changde, my Mirth is turnde to Mone.

Ah

A L B A .

Ah might I once perfwaded be at laſt,
Theſe ſkalding ſighs of mine ſhould haue an end,
That I for Sower, ſome Sweet (at length) might taſte,
And that the CRUEL FAIRE would not contend
Euer againſt me ; I then would (gently) take,
And ſuffer all theſe wrongs for her ſweete fake.

Too well I know (and I confeſſe the ſame)
That too too loftie is my proud Deſire :
My foaring Thoughts, deferuing mickle blame,
And I, ore bold, preſume too high t'aspire :
Yet ſtill (me thinkes) mine Ayme, being not baſe,
I ſhould deferue ſome little tynie Grace.

Say then (ſweete LOVE) for thou with ALBA mine,
Doſt ſoiorne, wherefoeuer ſhe doth bide)
Say am I like, that, to obtaine in time,
From which I now am ſo farre off, and wide ?
Ah ſay the truth, doth ſhe once thinke of me ?
Doth ſhe but wiſh that I with her might be ?

Ah had not Reaſon my Deſires refrainde,
I had, *my Thoughts deare Soueraigne*, ſcene ere this,
Whoſe Grace I fought (but bootles) to haue gainde,
The only ioy I in this world would wiſh.
Rather would I ſee thoſe chaſte beautious Eyes,
Then chuſe to be in matchleſſe Paradife.

B 3

As

A L B A .

As Christall Glasse in which the Sunne doth shine,
I like mine ALBAS Angels heauenly feature :
But when she deadly wounds this Corfe of mine,
I lothe her more then any murthring Creature :
 More then a Theefe that robs and stealeth pelfe,
 I hate her, when she steales me from my selfe.

My hart is grieu'd cause it doth disagree :
For whilst my Minde to loue her doth deuise,
And thinks her worthie honored for to bee,
A Sdainfull thought through Hatred doth arise,
 Which skornes y^t one so Rich, a Theefe shuld proue,
 That one so Faire, a Murthereffe is in loue.

I know not what to seeke, nor what I should,
Yet haue I fought till I haue lost my sense :
Although truth to confesse, faine loue I would,
And yet not die for this too Cruell wench.
 Betwixt these two fain would I find a Meane, (treme.
 Alas, Women haue none, they alwaies keepe Th' ex-

Then how for me ist possible to loue,
If my best ALBA once from me be tooke ?
How shall I liue when thousand Deaths I proue ?
When not this one (the least) I scarce can brooke.
 Ah woe is me, a double mixt Desire,
 To haste my Death the sooner doth conspire.

Such

A L B A .

Such is the rare perfection of sweete Beautie
Of my faire ALBA, my sole choise Delight :
That if that any PAINTER doth his dutie,
To shadow forth her Luster passing bright,
 He loseth both his labour and his time,
 As one ore bold, so high a step to clime.

For whilst he giues his minde attentiuely,
And studieth to match Nature with his Art,
Marking her Feature with a watchfull eye,
To portray forth most liuely every part :
 Such brightnes comes from her, such gliftring rayes,
 As he's struck blinde, and darkned goes his wayes.

This is the cause, that who in hand doth take,
In curious wife her pearlesse Counterfate,
Hoping himselfe immortall so to make,
Doth fall into like dangerous estate :
 Thinking to shadow her, he shadowed is,
 And so his eyes, and purpose he doth misse.

That, she were drawne in midst of Hart it were
Far better, and (my selfe) haue plasste her so)
For though in darke she hidden doth appeere,
Yet vnto me she faire and bright doth show,
 My Hart's the Boord, where limnde you may her see ;
 My Teares the Oyle, my Blood the Colours bee.

B 4 *Fano.* Bright

A L B A .

Bright were the Heauens, and hufht was euery winde,
Cleere was the day, when as mine ALBA faire,
Brought forth with ioy (*Lucina* being kinde)
A daintie Babe, for feature passing rare,
 Adorning all the world with this glad welth,
 A gift t'enrich the World, Vs, and her felf.

What time fhe was in trauell of this Childe,
No thunder, lightning, nor no storme was heard :
But all was quiet, peacefull, calme and milde,
As if the skies t' offend her were afeared,
 Whilst th' earth attended on her, and the Sea,
 As though they staid at her command to be.

Then did the Windes (not vsing fo before)
A gentle gale blow calmely euery where,
And fild the blisfull Aire with sweetes great store :
Each bird and fowle shewing a merry cheere,
 Whilst that blest Day a double Beautie found,
 One from the Sunne, the other here on ground.

This made the haughtie proud *Oceanus*,
To open all his wealth in outward show :
And finding my faire Mistresse honored thus,
He made his swelling waues in richnes flow,
 Whilst that a MARGARITE brought forth a Perle,
 A precious stone, a daintie louely Gerle.

As

A L B A .

As I haue liu'd, I liue, and liue so will,
With felse fame baite that LOVE for me did lay,
When he his net (to traine me in by skill)
Did open fet, to bring me to his bay :
 Only that I might figh for thee alone,
 And sue for Grace, although Grace found I none.

Then ALBA let it not displeafen thee,
Nor make thou show of anger for the fame :
Though my sweete Bonds so strait and inward bee,
Since I (not thou) doe beare thereof the paine :
 And that my loue to thee is growne so neere,
 As then my life I value it more deere.

Thine was I first, and thine at last I am,
And thine I will be to the world his end :
For thee into this world I willing came,
And leaue this world I will, fore thee offend.
 Meane time thy matchles vertues I will blafe,
 And spend my life, fighting for thee alwaies.

Ah LOVE twas thou that tookst my libertie,
And of Freeman inforst me be a slaue,
Whilst Hers to be, and thine, most willinglie
I am content this seruile yoke to haue.
 LOVES prisoner then, begging at Beauties gate,
 Some Almes bestow sweet Ladie for Gods sake.

My

A L B A .

My mounting Minde, my neuer staide Conceit
Hath built a stately Castle in the Aire :
Which *Ioue* his lightning Fire, nor his fierce thret,
Nor Fate, nor Fortune, nor ought else doth feare.
 Founded it is vpon two running Wheelles,
 The Gates of dust and winde (still turning reeles.)

Thoufands of Motes are digd about the same,
Which are capritious Humors fond and Toyes :
The Skouts and Guards thereof, Hopes dead and vaine ;
The Food therein preparte, false fleeting Ioyes ;
 The fencing Walles are framde of fierce Desire,
 Which dreads nor Seas, nor earth, nor force, nor fire.

The Armour, framed are in running Head,
Of foolish Boldnes, and of pensive Feare,
Which None knowes how they should be managed,
Nor how the same gainst others right to beare :
 The Shot, Munition, and Artillerie,
 Are diuers Thoughts which in the Fancie lie.

The Castellane doth fight against himselfe,
Hauing nought els his souldiers for to pay,
But with Ambition which is all his wealth :
Iudge then my state, and marke my firmeft stay.
 O LOVE how long learne shall I in thy Schoole ?
 The more I learne, I (still) doe proue more Foole.

Swift

A L B A .

Swift roling Spheares, cleere burning Lamps diuine,
That with your beames disgrace the glorious Sunne :
Faire ladders by which I to Heauen clime,
And by your Influence this rare course doe runne.
Ah, if not quickly hither you returne,
Too late (in vaine) my losse you then shall mourne.

My Spirits for you did seeke to ope each way,
That you might passage make into my Hart,
And ioyfull were they when you there did stay,
But sorrowfull when you from thence did part.
And now my Soule is summond by Despaire,
For want of you his only Hope and Care.

All comfortles I liue here all alone,
Banisht from Mirth, and Bondflaue vnto Noy :
Feeding my selfe (now you from hence are gone)
With sweet Remembrance of fore passed Ioy,
And with kinde Hope : these twaine together striue
To keepe me, gainst despairing Thoughts aliue.

The first, doth ALBAS selfe (for my reliefe)
Present (of which I am now dispossesse)
The other doth abate each swelling griefe,
Which els my Hart would ouermuch molest.
Ah pleasing Hope, ah gracious Memorie,
You make me liue, which els of force should die.
Without

A L B A .

Without my Sunne, I liue in darksome shade,
Whilst I with sighing spend my hatefull daies,
And in LOVES Sea without my Pilot wade
Whilst storme my leaking Barke to sinke affaies :
I languish malcontent, deepe drownde in Care,
Witness mine Eyes, that running fountaines are.

Thou Northwest Village farre from mine abode,
Which dost enioy my Mistris presence faire :
Ah happie art thou where she makes her rode,
And where she bides whose selfe hath no compare.
Happie art thou, but most vnhappie I,
Thou dost possesse, I want her companie.

Faine would I (for long since I vow did take)
As painfull Pilgrim in deuoutfull wife,
A voyage in that Holy Land to make,
At my sweet Saint, her Shrine to sacrifice,
Where (for Oblation) I my Hart would offer,
Not doubting but she would accept the proffer.

But to no end I wish, it is in vaine,
A lesser Fauour should contenten mee :
It should suffice me if I might but gaine
A sight of her, Her once more for to see.
Alack, this is not ouermuch I craue,
Only her sight, not her, tis I would haue.

Sad

A L B A .

Sad Teares, that from my meftfull Hart doe runne,
Thrust forth through watrie Eyes by Sorrow kinde :
If you into LOVES paths by chance fhall come,
Where he doth walke, and pitie thinke to finde :
 In vaine then doe you ftirre abroad, in vaine
 You lofe your trauaile, labour and your paine.

For whilst the way vnto an Humour new
You open wide, fierce ALBA fhutteth clofe
Her breaft from mercie, making me to rew,
And for your Friendship, counts you as her foes :
 Wherein, ſhe doth a damd Example fhew,
 Forcing her Hart againſt Conſcience here to goe.

Then wofull teares what will you doe as now ?
LOVE's dead and gone, all pitie is exilde :
Skornd is my Conſtancie and loyall Vow,
And through Difdaine I daily am reuilde.
 My Hopes are blaſted, and as withered ſeeme,
 Whilst ftill Difgraces ſhew before me greene.

Come then, turne backe, and with me ſecretlie
Bewaile my torment, leaſt my Hart appeere
A ſenfeles ſtone, through proud Impietie :
And my blind eyes a fountaine running cleere.
 And ſince not any will our Griefes bemone,
 Lets ſwallow downe our Sorrowes all alone.

LOVE

A L B A.

Thy whiteness (ALBA) I may well compare
 To *Delia*, when no cloud doth her obscure:
 Thy haire to *Phœbus* lightning in the Aire,
 When he doth shine with greater Luster pure.
 Thy diamond eyes, like to a frostie Night,
 Where sparkling stars doe shooting take their flight.

Thy cheekes *Aurora* like, when with her Dew,
 The Rose and Lillie she doth sprinkle sweet:
 Resembling drops that feeded Pearle doe grow,
 As if that double Beante did them grow.
 Thy Hand, no hand it is the delicate Glove,
 Which *Pylades* wore when he was wed to LOVE.

What art thou, but all Faire is outward show,
 But inwardly thou art Cruel and unkind:
 In thy faire Face all Favours sweet doe grow,
 But Treachery and Bred in thy Heart I finde:
 With show of sweet thou lurch and dost entice,
 But bitterly thou makest them pay the price.

Thou wilt leadst my life to final Death,
 My hope from all her loves thou dost confound:
 Thou art the word that doth my soul breath
 And Armes with Armes against me dost confound.
 Thou only art the SHIELD that I have with fate
 And dost thy selfe of mine sword make make

T. S.

A L B A .

LOVE hath me bound once more to make the way,
From whence my Hart hath neuer yet declinde :
And doubts leaft He, from righteft paths should stray,
Because fo weake and crafed I him finde :

And marueile none, he wants his wonted fight,
How can he iournie then but Sauns delight.

The fillie Wretch lookes vp, yet nought can fee ;
As who should fay, my Helpe comes from Aboue :
Yet grieues his feruice is not tooke boun gree,
Since tis refinde from Thought of pureft Loue.

My Minde doth burne in froft, but not in fire,
Through vncouth paffion barde from his Defire.

My Hart is like a Widower that's difdainde ;
My foule a Figure of a MALCONTENT,
To fee that LOVE thus vildly should be staine,
Not to requite, where nought but LOVE is ment.
But I doe fee no pitie is in fpite,
Where Malice raignes, Defert is banifht quite.

My Soule vpon my Hart for this doth plaine,
My Hart (again) my Fancie doth accufe :
My Fancie faith, mine Eyes were too too blame,
Their outer-boldnes wrought this great Abuse.
Alas poore Eyes, too dearly doe you pay,
When for one Fault your Light is tooke away.

Thy

A L B A .

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To *Delia*, when no clowde doth her obscure :
Thy haire to *Phæbus* lightning in the Aire,
When he doth shine with greater Luster pure.
Thy diamond eyes, like to a frostie Night,
Where sparkling stars doe shooting take their flight.

Thy cheekes *Aurora* like, when with her Dew,
The Rose and Lillie she doth sprinkle sweete :
Resembling drops that seedcd Pearle doe shew,
As if that double Beautie did them greete.
Thy Hand, no hand, it is the daintie Gloue,
Which *Psyche* ware, when she was wed to LOVE.

VVhat art thou, but all Faire in outward shew,
But inwardly th'art Cruel and vnkinde :
In thy faire Face all Fauours sweet doe grow,
But Thornes and Briars in thy Hart I finde :
With shew of sweet thou lur'ft and dost entise,
But bitterly thou mak'ft them pay the price.

Thou cruell lead'ft my life to difmall Death,
My hope from all her loues thou dost confine :
Thou art the corde that stopst my vitall breath,
And Armes with Armes against me dost conioyne.
Thou only art the SHE that's fenst with hate,
And dost thy selfe of pitie naked make.

Tried

A L B A .

Tirde with a Burthen of Extremities,
Which breakes, nor bowes, my wofull Hart in twaine,
And checkt with chiefeft Mate of Miferies,
I linger out my lothed life in paine.

Then death, not life, I may this liuing call,
Where ceafeles Noy, not ioy, doth me befall.

Black gloomy Thoughts on me doe tyrannife,
And to my Soule appoynted faithfull Guides,
Doe her deceiue, with her they subtellife,
Nor in this ill to comfort me None bides.

All my beft Hopes are at an Ebbing low,
Whilft stealing yeares, with griefes encreasing grow.

What fhall I doe? fhall I to reafon turne?
Oh no, for her I too much haue offended.
What, fhall I goe to LOVE, and to him mourne
For aide, and promife all fhall be amended?

Alas, it were in vaine, and labour loft,
Where he doth promife, he deceiueth moft.

See then ye fond Defires, what you haue done,
By headstrong Will, fage Reason to deprave:
But what fhall I as now refolue vpon?
Whom fhall I trust? of whom helpe fhall I craue?

Euen her who firft betraide me will I trust,
She can but be (as ſhe hath been) vniuft.

Come

A L B A .

Come gentle sleepe (sweet sleepe) my welcome Friend,
Come comfort me with shadow of my Loue,
And her, in vision quickly to me send,
For whom these griefes and bitter pangs I proue.
 Black Night be thou far darker then thou art,
 Thy chiefest Beautie is to be most darke.

By thee my peace and pleasure doth arise,
Whilst I through thy deceit (yet liking me)
Doe seeme to ioy with her in louely wife,
Although from hence (God knowes) far off she be.
 Such is the pleasure that herein I take,
 As more I could not ioy, were I awake.

Thou shewst to me the trammels of her Haire,
Clept SCALA COELI, locks of pure Delight :
Her snowy Neck, the cause of my sweete Care ;
Her eyes like Saphires sparkling in the night :
 With other sights, vnseemly to be knowne :
 Al these sweet sleep, through thee to me are showne.

Only in this (my thinks) th'art too vnkinde,
That when thou partst from me, all ioy doth parte :
Nor any such thing left with me I finde,
Which then afresh renewes mine inward smart.
 Then since her selfe (I waking) cannot haue,
 Sleeping let me her shadow of thee craue.

C

Like

A L B A .

Great state and pomp this princely pallace shoves,
And richly euery chamber hanged is :
Mine entertainment daily sweeter growes,
What Hart or thought can gesse, I doe not misse.
 Chiefly the Walkes, and Gardens wondrous been,
 As they a second Paradise doe seeme.

Yet though I finde this kindnes passing great,
VVith hunting, hawking, fowling, and such sport :
For all our feasting and our daintie meate,
Our mirth and Musick in most pleasing fort :
 For all these pleasures, yet liue I in paine,
 Since Her I want, for whom I wish in vaine.

VVhat others loue, I loathe, and quite dislike,
And though I am in worthie companie,
Yet still (my thinks) I am retired quite,
Into a place of matchles miserie,
 Into an vncouth wood and wildernes,
 VVhere liue such Beasts as pray on Sauagenes.

And if that long from her I be depriu'd,
My life shall be like flowers that want the Sun :
So shall I yeeld my Ghost as one disliu'd,
VVhilst my threds life shall quickly be vnspun.
 Go skalding sighs then, flie vnto her strait,
 Say that for life or death on her I waite.

You

A L B A .

As many fierie darts as *Ioue* on high,
Dingde downe on Giants in his angrie mood,
So many whirle about my Bodie nigh,
As longing caueles for my guiltles blood,
The frighted Aire raine Afhes downe apace,
And cheerefull funne flies hence to hide his face.

Thus stand I in a Maze of Miferie,
My Heart (feeing nought but signes of present death)
Seekes how with clipped winges away to flie,
And faine would scape to saue his vitall breath.
Ah pouer wretch, but how ift possible ?
I know not how, nor he himfelfe can tell.

The world's his foe, and LOVE doth him betraie,
Despaire of helpe, his fenfes doth confound,
His curfed Guide (for nonce) leades him astraie,
Fortune accuseth him on no fure ground.
And which doth gaule him most, & most doth grieve,
His Miftris rash, gainft him doth iudgement giue.

He Mercie cries, and calleth for his Booke,
But proude Difdaine doth stop the Iudges eares,
So that on him she'le not fo much as looke,
And thus from Barre, they quicklie doe him beare,
From ALBAS prefence is he quite debarde,
Exilde from Her, this is his sentence harde.

C 2

Great

A L B A .

~~ALBA~~ thinkst thou, thy Month shall still be MAY,
And that thy Colour fresh, still faire will be ?
That Time and Fortune will not weare away
Beautie, which God and Nature lends to thee ?
Yes, yes, that white and red, thy Cheekes now show,
Shall quicklie change, and blacke and yellow grow.

The Giniper the longer it-doth flower,
The older still it waxeth, bowing still,
And that sweete face of thine, which now hath power
Whole worlds with wondering at the same to fill,
Shall (though it now fauns blemish be) a Staine,
Hereafter with thicke wrinkeled Clifts remaine.

Great care to keepe this Beautie fraile must be,
Which we (God knowes) a small time doe enioy,
Doe what we can, we lose it suddenele ;
Why, then, being courted shouldst thou seeme so coy,
Fortunes wings made of Times feathers neere stay,
But care thou them canst measure, flit away.

Then be not ouer hard, like changeles Fate,
But let my Cries force thee (at last) relent,
Doe not oppose thy selfe too obstinate
Gainst him, whose time to honor thee is spent :
Ah let me speake the trueth (though somewhat bold)
Though now th'art young, thou one day must be old.

Riuers

A L B A .

You stately Hills, you princelike Ruins olde,
Which proudly in your laft remainders shew,
And who as yet the name of faire *Rome* holde,
To whom did once the whole world homage owe.
 The place where (now) so many Relikes lie,
 Of Holy foules honord for Christ to die.

You Theaters, you Conquerors Arches faire,
Colosses huge, and masie Pillers great,
Triumphant Showes of more then Glory rare,
Where Victorie with pomp did take their seate :
 Lo what a wonder strange in you is wrought,
 You now are dust, confumde (as twere) to nought.

Though conquering War, doth make in time to come,
Many things florish, and with Fame to rise :
Yet in the end when all is past and done,
Time doth All this consume in spitefull wise,
 All Monuments, all Monarchs that haue been,
 Time in the end destroyes, and weares out cleane.

And since tis so, I will contented liue
In discontent : for if that Time can make
An end of All, and end to each thing giue,
(May be) some order he for me will take,
 (May be) in th'end when I shall tried bee
 To th'vtmost, I my guerdon iust may see.

C 3

Roma.

ALBA

A L B A .

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And that thy Colour fresh, still faire will be ?
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Though now th'art young, thou one day must be old.
Riuers

A L B A .

Riuers of gorie blood into the Sea,
In fted of Waters shall moft swiftlie runne ;
The hugie Ocean drie as land shall be,
And darke as pitch shall shew the gliftering Sunne :
 LOVE shall of Loue, and kindenes be depriude,
 And vastie world (sauns people) shall abide.

The Night shall lightsome be as Day moft plaine,
The Heauens with their coloured cloudes shall fall,
Fore LOVE in me, a new IDEA frame,
Or my firme Heart, from ALBA alter shall,
 Ah fore I change, let horror stop my breth,
 Vnworthie Her, vnworthie of this earth.

As heretofore, so still I will her loue,
Nere shall my constant Heart lie languifhing,
In hope another Beautie for to proue,
Which fitting fancie to mine eyes might bring :
 My faith *Acanthus* like shall flourish greene ;
 Which th'older tis, the fresher still is scene.

I am no glasse, but perfect Diamound,
My constant minde holdes still where first it tooke,
Though not my selfe, my soule's in English ground,
ITALIANS lookes, but not there LOVES I brooke.
 The Globe like World is round, and hath no end,
 Such is my Faith to her, my Fairest frend.

C 4 *Fano* Golde's

A L B A .

Gold's changde to Lead, and Emmeralds into Glasse ;
Lillies proue Weedes, and Rofes Nettles bee :
No harmles Beasts now through the fields doe passe,
To feede on Hill or Valleys shade we see :

Wilde Tigers fierce, and rauenous Lions fell,
In open Plaine, and cooly Groues doe dwell.

Insteade of milde and pleasing Accents sweete,
From hollow Places fearfull Voices found :
Eccho amongst the craggie rockes doth weepe,
And (heauie) makes her noyse with sighs rebound.
Riuers against their wonted course do runne,
The Moone lookes black, eclipsed is the Sunne.

The Sallow shakes his boughes, and inward grieues,
The Cypresse shew'th as if he sickly were,
And (melancholy) bares his lothed leaues,
A signe prefaging some great cause of feare.
Phabus no more doth combe his tresses faire,
But careles lets them feltred hang in th'aire.

Ghosts through the Citie ghaftfully appeere,
And hideous shapes the mindes of men afright :
No Day we haue, but darknes euery where,
And turn'd the World is topsie turuy quite :
The cause of all this change is my faire Loue,
Since to the countrie (hence) she doth remoue.

On

A L B A .

On bended knees low groueling on the ground,
Before the CRUEL FAIRE I prostrate lay :
But what I fought of Her could not be found,
My kinde request was dasht with ruffe Denay.

- With me she sharply gan expostulate,
Nor would she once pitie my hard Estate.

Teares I did shed, but teares I shed in vaine ;
Vowes I did make, my Vowes she did reiect ;
Prayers I offred, Prayers she did disdaine ;
Presents I sent, but them sh' would not accept.

If teares, vowes, prayers, nor presents can doe good,
What then remaines, but for to offer blood ?

Then Cruell take this Blood, Oblations Fee,
Which at thy shrine from Hart I sacrifice :
I know twill doe thee good and liketh thee,
And I bestow it in most hartie wife.

Neuer so much I of my life did make,
But that I could dispend it for thy sake.

What needst thou then ad water to the Seas,
Beames to the Sunne, or light vnto the Day,
When I more readie am, if so thou please,
My selfe to kill, then thou my life to slay ?

Ah let me know thy minde, thus vex not still,
A kinde of Pitie tis, quickly to kill.

In

A L B A .

In stately Bed twixt sheetes more white then snow,
Where late my Pearle, mine ALBA faire did lie,
I restlesse vp and downe tosse to and fro,
Whilst trickling teares distill from blubbred eye.
 Ah gentle sleepe do thou deuise some Meane,
 For comfort mine, whilst I of her shall dreame.

You downy Pillowes, you which but of late,
Her daintie selfe did kindly entertaine,
(Once) of two louing Bodies charge do take,
By your soft yeelding, call her backe againe :
 For she is gone, and *Troynouant* hath left,
 And being gone, my hart with her hath rest.

For both of vs here's rounge enough to see,
We both in rest with ease may here remaine,
And here two soules (vnited) one, shall bee,
Two bodies (ioynd together) One, not twaine.
 But tis in vaine, for were she here I know,
 Though you agreede, agree she would not so.

Yet call her back, and pray to her for me,
For I am hoarse with praying ouer long.
Ah to no purpose tis to call, I see,
She cannot heare, she too too farre is gon.
 Yet will I still her praises haroldife,
 And mongst the beautilous Saints her canonife.

Heare

A L B A .

Heare me, a Martyr for religious Loue,
Thou Faire Tormentor, (Motiue of my paine)
All Racks and Tortors gainst my patience proue,
And when th'haft done, begin afresh againe.
 Wearie shalt thou be of tormenting me,
 Before I griued at these plagues will be.

Too deare I prise thy beautie to repent,
Or wish I had not such sower stormes endur'd :
Though I thy hard hart finde nere to relent,
Custome and time, to woes haue me inur'd.
 What ill so great but I would willing take,
 And beare the brunt assur'd of thy sweet fake.

The sweet remembrance of thy sight of yore,
Th' only companion is of my deare life,
Thy prefence was, which absent I adore,
My paradise and place of ioy most rife.
 So I alone am not, though None's with mee,
 And was in Heauen, when I thy face did see.

But this thou thinkst not of, this is least part
Now of thy minde, nor hast thou hereof care :
This neuer comes God knowes into thy hart,
But as heat's ioynd with fire, and breath with aire :
 So crueltie in Womens stomacks dwels,
 Which with Disdaine (as Furie) alwaies fwels.

Ye

A L B A .

Ye Valleys deep withouten bottome found ;
Ye Hills that match with height the azure skie ;
Ye Caues by Nature hollow vnder ground,
Where quiet rest and silence alwaies lie,
 Thou gloomy Aire which euer to the fight
 Bringst darknes still, but neuer cheerfull light.

Ye vncouth Paths, ye solitarie walks,
Ye breackneck Rocks, most ghastlie for to see,
Ye dreadfull Dens where neuer any stalks,
And where scarce hissing Serpents dare to bee :
 Ye fatall Vaults where murdered Corfes lie,
 Haunted with hatefull sprites continuallie.

Ye Wildernesses and ye Deferts wilde,
Ye strangie Shores nere yet inhabited,
Ye Places from all pleasures quite exilde,
Where sad Melancholy and Griefe is fled,
 Heare me, who am a shadow and a Ghost,
 Damd with eternall sorrow to be crost.

Heare me, since I am come for to bewaile,
Mongst you, my Faith, my Constancie, and Loue,
I hope with my lowd Cries and drierie Tale,
Though not the Heauens, yet Hell at least to moue :
 Since more the Griefes are which within me grow,
 Then Heauen hath pleasures, or Hel, Plagues below.

How

A L B A .

How can the ship be guided without Helme,
The storme arising in a troubled Sea ?
Needs must the churlish Waues it ouerwhelme,
Needs must it drowne, and cast away must bee.
 How should I liue, and not my life enioy ?
 Feeding on Griefe, what shall I taste but Noy ?

Ah *Cupid* thinke vpon thy seruant true,
I craue for my Deferts but some reward :
I seeke mine Owne, not more then is my due,
Hate for Goodwill to reape is too too hard.
 If I for Well with Ill am payd againe,
 Had I done ill, what then had bin my paine ?

Loue with Remembrance lieth in my breast,
All other Thoughts he cancels out of minde :
To thinke whats past I cannot quiet rest,
Yet I in those Conceits strange Ioy doe finde,
 Whilst now for her I thinke All I forfooke,
 And wholly to her Grace my selfe betooke.

My wonted Mirth is turned into Mone,
Because my state is change and altred quite :
In company I am as One alone,
Whilst what doth Others please, doth me dispite.
 Ah when shall I once from these Plagues be free ?
 Neuer, lesse ALBA Mercie shew to mee.

My

A L B A .

My ioyles Hart a troubled Spring is like,
Which from the tops of matchles Alpes most hie,
Falls with a mightie noise downe headlong right,
By vncouth stony wayes most dreadfully,
Where all his Hopes he in the Deepe doth drowne :
A fatall signe of fortunes heauie frowne.

Darke pitchie clowdes of hugie Mountaines steepe,
The loftiest part do hide from Sunny heate :
Seeld any winde of Pitie there doth fleete,
Them to dissolue, their thicknes is so great.
For no calme Aire of gentle Loue doth blow,
Where swelling Anger frets in furious show.

Thence doth my Tributarie Hart forth send
Through peable stones, now here, now there along,
A little Brooke into the Sea to wend,
As signe that I my dutie would not wrong :
For ALBA mine, (Degree aboue Compare)
A large Sea is of fundrie Beauties rare.

A bitter cause, me bitter teares makes shed,
Whose enuious Stepdame is a Froward Will,
Which is by Selfe conceit too wanton fed,
Th' efficient cause that I these drops distill :
Which though in outward shew you white them see,
Yet pure Red blood they in my Bodie bee.

Let

A L B A .

Let baseborne Mindes of basest matters treat,
My selfe (with them) to trouble I not list :
The vulgar sort (they know not what) do speake,
VVhilst gainst the Truth and Vertue they perlist.
HONOR's the marke whereat I seeke to aime,
Shame light on them that think on beastly shame.

So many men, so many Mindes (they say)
Yet at the last Truth alwaies shall preuaile,
Bringing her vowed Foe vnto her bay,
Falshood (I meane) for all her masked Vaile.
No Woman blame I, only I do seeke,
Swanlike to sing of my faire Sunne I leeke.

The Beauties which in other Ladies be,
I neuer had once thought for to disgrace :
Mine ALBA hath enough in store for me,
Thousand of Amours finde I in her face :
Her would I praise, whose look[s] haue pleased me euer,
From whom in hart disioyned I will be neuer.

Faine would I make mine infant Pen to swell,
Through feruent zeale to blaze her Deitie,
That he her praise as Oracle might tell,
Raifing the fame t' the skies bright Canopie :
That she (since she deserues) might famous bee,
Beyond the Bounds of *Albions* vtmost Sea.

The

The Conclusion of the first Part.

*W*HO acquainted is not with my minde,
 Nor knows the Subiect faire of whom I write,
 Nor how ALBA me, to her doth binde,
 Till discourse, talke, and endite.
 How I doe hope, how I doe feare and griue,
 How I doe live, and how (again) I live.

Let him LOVE seeke out, and him demaund;
 And he will wonders strange to him declare,
 Such as at Beauties gaze shall make him stand,
 So rare, so strange, they be and rare,
 Such tell him of so rich a Pretious stone,
 As like before hath been enioyde by none.

And if he be desirous for to know,
 The House where my faire Angell doth abide,
 Norland from Troynouant he will him shew,
 Along which place, faire MERSIE cleere doth glide.
 WAR IN that TOVVNE, LOVE (Lordlike keepeth stil,
 Yet she (ore him) triumphs with chafest will.

Some say, shee Lowly Browne; but I dare say
 She is FAIR. BEAV? SE, so Faire as Faire may be,
 Fairer than is the breake of beauntious Day,
 When winter Aurora smileth in her glee.
 But why do I praise her selfe praising Face?
 I praise her not, tis she, (her selfe) doth grace.

R. T.

THE
SECOND PART
OF THE MONETHS
MIND OF A MELAN-
CHOLY LOVER.

By R. T. Gentleman.



AT LONDON
Printed by *Felix Kingston*, for *Matthew*
Lownes. 1598.

Alba Crudelissima.

THese few (yet zealous) line[s] come from my hart,
Dried with my Sighs, and written with my Teares,
I send to her the Author of my smart,
Though (subtill Serpent like) she stop her cares :
VVho, more to her I sue, her Grace to gaine,
The more incenst against me doth remaine.

I loue not I to pharise, nor praife
My selfe, for to her owne selfe I appeale,
If I deuoted haue not bin alwaies,
To do her good, as one that fought her weale.
Heauens I forweare, and vtterly abiure,
If that my Faith be tainted or vnpure.

Malleuolent, Malicious, Planet, Starre,
VVas it my Fortune, so far to be borne,
My COTE so true, to haue so crosse a BAR,
That for my seruice thus she should me skorne ?
Must my cleere Sunne eclipsed be with Spite ?
Must enuious Clowdes still seeke to dark my Light ?

VVhat remedie ? Ile think twas Fortune mine,
(And not her fault) that wrought me all this paine :
Her Crueltie twas not, but Destnie mine,
My selfe, not she, was cause of mine owne bane :
Yet shal y^e world by this my LOVES MONTHS MIND,
A chast Fault, though no Follie in her finde.

D 2

Since

A L B A .

Since that mine ALBA tooke her leaue of mee,
I leaue haue tooke of pleasure and of ioy :
And did with sorrow at that time agree,
To foiorne with him in his chiefe Annoy.
 My Woes (still greene) encrease continually,
 Which faine I would, but cannot remedie.

And were it not but that my dauntlesse Hart,
Doth comfort me with hope of better cheere,
I soone would rid me of this vncouth smart,
And leaue this life which I haue bought too deare.
 Oft do I weep to LOVE, and him I pray,
 Either to ease my paines, or me to slay.

Yet though I beg, I finde but small reliefe,
As do at Rich mens gates the Needy poore :
Who more they crie to aggrauate their grieffe,
The lesse they finde their Almes at the doore.
 So LOVE, the more my cries I to him send,
 The lesse my plaints, he skornefull doth attend.

And yet my sute is small, small is the Grace
That I desire, (for somewhat I deferue)
Tis only for to die before her face,
From whom in Dutie (yet) I nere did fwerue :
 That she might know my life doth me annoy,
 Vnles I might her company enioy.

Ladie

A L B A .

Ladie, when first vpon faire *Venus* Day,
I came acquainted with thy seemely selfe,
And vowde thy loyall Votarie to stay,
Proffring to thee my liuing, life and welth :
As I was then, so am I still the same,
Neuer to change, for change exchangeth shame.

Within the Center of mine inward Hart,
(As signe of euerlasting Monument,
Which fatall Death shall hardly from me part)
Thy high prizde Loue full surely haue I pent,
Neuer to be remou'd, but there to lie,
World without end for aye, continuallie.

For thee I longde, for thee I much did dare,
For thee I hopte and feard, bid sweet and sower :
Liking thee, I, for Others did not care,
Ore this my Hart thou hadst so great a power.
All other Faces, (in respect of thine)
I skornde as Masks, thou only seem[d]st Diuine.

Since LOVE, then me with such affection framde,
That he hath me adopted Thine, alone,
That I delight not but to heare thee namde,
And only like to heare thy praises showne.
Ah keepe thy plighted Faith vnstainde to me,
Though now farre off from hence thou Absent be.
D 3 Disdaine

II

There hath no mortal Power more fair Flowers
 Than in the cheeks of my fair Julia lay
 Sweetest are those paradisiacal bowers
 Lovers delight where he wantonly did play
 For his complexion's more amorous flame
 Some flowers are yet remainders of the same

As the roses now, it looks the Maime it takes
 When through the purple bowers pretending came
 She with her white breast near forth press
 Spreading abroad her newe beames againe
 So we ~~survive~~ live for a day
 Amongst purple roses when the sweetest time

There's none will praise it as the faire face
 And there's none will praise it the same way
 Where once through love she with a lovely grace
 In mine a happy picture it did stay
 Sooner I will it away see die away
 But love the time it shall meet the day

That happy day comes he not now
 Love's message is not now
 And that love's grace that father was of yours
 Now I am a flower and full of love
 So with the day if he did meet me
 The world of love is not the same

A L B A .

Disdaine assaulted hath mine ALBA faire,
Fixing fast foot deep in her marble brest :
A blackfome Clowde hath darkt my beautious Aire,
Where cheerfull Sunne before with smile did rest.
She most vnlike her selfe a Tyrant showes,
Whilst as a Tiger mad with rage she growes.

All for her pleasure (me for to displease)
Pitie she bandies from her tender hart :
Poyson, not honey, now must her appease :
Yet my Desire runs headlong to his smart,
Headlong he runs to her spite-tainted minde,
Which ouer fierce and cruell he doth finde.

My hopeles Chance, through Vaile (as twere) I see,
Her quondam beautious eyes are bloodshot now :
Exorde, desire, intreated, they'le not be,
They'le not relent, repent, nor yeeld or bow :
Lightnings of Anger they do show aright,
Thunders of Furie darting forth despight.

The dangers great my harmeles Hart doth spie,
Yet for all this, from her he'le not retire :
And whilst more humble he fore her doth lie,
The more she fullen swels with wrathful Ire.
A Monster then I may her mirrorise,
Since she delights in such strange Tragedies.

Dried

A L B A .

Dried hath th' iniurious Feuer those faire Flowers,
VVhich in the cheekes of my faire ALBA lay :
Scorcht are those paradized coloured Bowers,
LOVES LOBBIE where he wantonly did play :
Yet not extinguisht is mine amorous flame,
Some sparkes are yet remainders of the fame.

As she lookes now, so lookes the Moone in skies,
When mongft the gloomie clowdes portending raine,
She with her watrie horned head forth pries,
Spreading abroad her dewie beames amaine :
So we *Aurora* vse for to depaint,
Mongft palish violets, when she looketh faint.

Pitie is mixt with grieve in her faire face,
And Grieve with Pitie in the same conioyne,
Where LOVE (though sick) sits with a louely grace,
In midst of sickly palenes in her eyne.
Sicknes it felfe so louely nere did looke,
But since her Inne in ALBAS breast she tooke.

That stately Haughtines she had before,
Now changde is into low Humilitie :
And that same glance that faithles was of yore,
Now faithfull sheweth and full of Loyaltie.
So with her Colour if she did cruell take,
Yet Pitifull her Palenes doth her make.

D 4

Like

A L B A .

Like bloodie Lion, or a stinging Snake,
With proud Disdaine to aggrauate my smart,
Loue into me (vnaskt) his way doth take,
Died all with blood (and Blood tis of my Hart)
Which wounded deepe, still languishing doth lie,
Expecting euery minute when to die.

Thousands of Wounds my life hath quite bereft,
And wanting blood, Palenes sits in my face :
My soule this Corse (his mansion House) hath left,
Nor dares he back retire to his old place.
This Martyrdome, although there's many see,
None me careffeth, or doth comfort mee.

My life runnes fondly to his mortall Foe,
Hoping for Help, where he his hurt did finde :
My spirits after him amaine doe goe,
Whilst liueles Bodie doth remaine behinde :
On which grim death doth feaze, as on his pray,
And of his breath to reauue him doth assay.

A farre off Peace I see, but Warre at hand,
Loue single strikes me, (but with double paine)
Kild is my hart by Cruell she's Command,
And he that flew him cleped is Disdaine :
Loe here of my kinde Dame the Exercise,
Hate is her Chapman, Blood her Marchandise.

Praxitiles

A L B A.

Praxitiles, and *Myron* (workman rare)
Apelles skilde, learnde *Homer* (famous wight)
Were these aliue, the Picture of my Faire
To carue, to cut, to paint, and thereof write,
In marble, brasse, boord, or in bookes at large,
They sone would faint, ore preft with fo great charge.

And yet may be her beautious Countenance,
With chifell, toole, with pensell and with pen,
They rightly might haue shadowed (though by chance)
Because they, in their Age were rareft Men.
But had they come the nobler part to shew,
Their cunning then had soone tooke th' ouerthrow.

If my bright Sunne (renowmd *per Excellence*,
Through the illustrious splendar of her gleames)
Doth dimme and darken our Intelligence,
By vertue of her more then radiant beames :
What Hand or Thought in hand could euer take,
A worke so endles, with good end to make.

Deare ALBA I by thee am still forbid,
By Statue, Image, Picture, or by Verse,
To shew the Vertues rare within thee hid,
As not being able leaft part to rehearse :
It shall suffice (as sacred) I admire,
Thy spotles life, thy more then chaste desire.

To

A L B A .

To thee farre off (from me) these sighs I fend,
To thee farre off from Loue, I, neere to die,
To know if thou thy selfewill minde wilt mend,
Defisting from thy hatefull Crueltie.

Beautie if it be milde, it is renound ;
If it be proud, a foule reproch tis found.

Thou makst a shew as if thou wouldst be kinde :
But tis a shadow, not a substance right :
For comming vnto triall straight I finde,
Thy sdainfull chaft lookes puts my Hope to flight :
Whilst thou dost seeme at these my Woes to grieue,
Yet them with succour neuer dost relieue.

Thy Griefe (for me) a passion's in a play,
Which men doth rauish with Melancholy :
But acted once, and out of sight away,
In minde, no longer there doth stay, but dy :
Thou art the Actor playing such a part,
My griefes neere deeply pearce into thy hart.

O would I could from Reasons Court obtaine,
A *Supersedeas*, LOVE for to remoue,
From out my Breast to thee, to ease my paine,
That thou the force thereof a while mightst proue.
But Destinie wils that I thy slaue do stay,
And so I will, who bound is, must obey.

Why

A L B A .

Why haue the Heauens thus changed my Estate ?
Deferuing well to complot my Decay ?
Why rather was not so ordainde my fate,
That ALBA nere should wend from me away ?
I neuer changing my first vowed Loue,
Why should (vnconstant she) from me remoue ?

(Fond man) is she vnconstant to be calde,
Who after course of world doth runne her race ?
Are not all men by fortune puld and halde,
Neuer to bide (still) in one certaine place ?
Nothing is more commended in the Sea,
Then th' often Ebbings, and the Flowings bee.

Ah ALBA, if thou shouldst continue still
In one selfe place, t'would be a Paradise :
But thou (t'allay our proud Affections will)
T' eclipse thine owne perfections dost deuise,
Thinking it is enough, if but with eye
We ioy a small glimse of thy Maiestie.

Then to encrease our Griefes, thou dost decrease
Our pleasures, and thy selfe from vs dost hide,
When we for nothing lookt but peace and ease,
Euen at thy Best, and in thy Beauties pride.
But why talke I, where I cannot be hard ?
Or heard she me, she would not me regard.

Where

A L B A .

Where are my Vowes withouten number now ?
My teares withouten measure that I shed ?
My skalding sighs to make proud ALBA bow ?
They all are gone, forgot, quite banished.
Yet though they not deserue her loue they craue,
Methinks some better fortune they should haue.

But if the Gods in iudgement partiall sit,
Vnequall viewers of each iniurie :
And with condigne reuenge feeke not to quit
So monstrous wrong, such nere heard Crueltie :
Why then I Reason none, for Louers fee
That they should bide such paine for loyaltie.

Yet neither Hopes preferment, were it great,
Nor feare of punishment, though to my paine :
Nor counsell of the Wifest that entreat,
Nor company of best where I remaine,
Shall euer make me once my Humour change,
Nor from my first deuoted Vow to range.

My youths chiefe Flower (of all my life the prime)
In melancholy pafsion I will spend :
Careles behauiour shall my latter time
(Because (forfooke) she cares not for me) end.
Thus will I still continue during breath,
Doting on her, who doth deuise my death.

Fond



A L B A .

Fond that I am like Greekiſh Wraftler vaine,
Striuing to lift a waight impoſſible,
I caught ſo ſtrange incurable a ſtraine,
As thereby (bruſed fore) I brainſick fell :
 Fixing my thoughts aboue my reach, I fall
 Into Diſeaſe, without recure at all.

The ſtately Cedar whoſe tops ſeeme in ſhow,
For height, to reach vnto the azur'd ſkie,
Neuer his head bowes to the ſhrubs below,
That in the deepe and hollow Valleys lie.
 Th' yuie that climbing vp by th' elme doth runne,
 Neuer can get hold of the beames of Sunne.

ALBA I honor in humilitie,
Whom none ought, or ſhould dare venter to loue :
Though I preſume with importunitie,
Sometimes my fute (in vaine) to her to moue :
 For her affections be immortall, rare,
 Her vertues ſuch, as infinite they are.

Then ſuffer me to gaze on ALBA mine,
With my mindes eyes, though abſent now ſhe be :
I knew when I enioyde her ſight (ah happie time)
That time (I feare) I neuer more ſhall ſee.
 But tis all one, for were the Cruell here,
 I of my purpoſe ſhould be nere the neere.

Am

A L B A .

Am I so mad, to thinke that such a Toy,
As Sorcerie is, should ought preuaile for me ;
That witchcraft power hath for to make me ioy,
And cause me here, mine absent Mistris see ?

I cannot chuse but thinke all to be tales,
And that Enchantment little here preuailes.

What though the Sunne is darkened by this skill,
And Moone's remoude from out her setled cours ;
Wilde beafts made stand, amazed, tame, and still,
And waters turnde from their first wonted fours :

Yet cannot Art, by force make setled Loue,
From his first Center (where he resteth) moue.

The Gods, not men, do rule the inward Hart,
They can appoynt Affection as they please ;
Stones, Yearbs, and Words, may vfen be by Art ;
Yet these the Louers griefes can smalely ease,
Not *Exorcisms*, *Spels*, *Mettals*, *Planets*, *Fire*,
Can alter once the setled firme Desire.

Then Ile with Discontent be fatisfied,
And hopeles liue in hope, though Hope in vaine :
Resoluing all base coyne to abide,
Since I despaire her grace for to obtaine :

Vnhappie I, my case ore desperate,
No Skill nor cunning can my paine abate.

Hard

A L B A .

Hard hap had I, to fall into thy hand,
Who giu'ft thy felfe to endles crueltie ;
When to thy flintie heart wilt giue command,
To change his wont, and fomewhat gentler be ?
 Wilt thou thy Beautie faire, adulterife ?
 And feekft thou ftill on me to tiranife ?

Ift poffible thy yeares fo few and fmall,
So many ancient mifchiefes fhould containe ?
Thy fwelling pride, I long haue borne withall,
Because that Beautie thereof is to blame.
 Which ftill the more in fairenes it exceedes,
 The more it ioyes in coy difdained deedes.

I grieue at thy deuifes gainft me wrought,
And forrow, that wits sharper that they fhew,
The fhroder and vnhappier fhould be thought,
Prone vnto ill, but vnto Goodnes flow.
 But for one feeke to murder (through difdaine)
 A harmeles heart, is worfe then Murderers ftaine.

What moues thee then, thy felfe thus to difgrace,
Vnfitting for thy Sex, where nought fhould be
But kindenes milde, far altring from thy face,
Where nothing but rare beautie we can fee ?
 If then fo faire a Sunne, fuch foule cloudes hide,
 Let me ftill in eternall Darkenes bide.

The

A L B A .

**The bitter plaints wherewith my soule I wound
With skalding sighs which fmoke from forth my breast :
My cheekes through grieffe, pale wan and hollow found,
My troubled Thoughts which reauē me of my reft :
Salt watric teares, which raine from blubbring eye,
Warne blood from Hart distilling inwardly.**

The servile yoke which did my freedom breake,
My willing minde to doe what wild Command,
The state wherein I brought my selfe most weake,
The frost and fire wherein I still did stand,
The snare in which LOVE wrapt me so about,
As from the same I nere (yet) could get out.

All these, and many another worser grieve,
Are no such plagues as is that Marble Hart,
(That Marble Hart) that yeelds me no reliefe,
Nor euer sought some comfort to impart.
The reuolution of the Heauens, nor any Time,
Can make (that Breast) to yeeld to my Designe.

Virtue doth hinder it, in my despight,
Chaste Honestie maintaines her in her force :
Then LOVE farewell, all hope Ile banish quite,
I see in Flint is found no kind remorse.

If Teares, Vowes, Gifts, Prayers, Othes no good can
Nor Loue obtaine, in vaine tis then to sue. (doe,
Deare

A L B A .

Deare to my Soule (for Deare I may thee call,)
Since thou farre dearer then myfelfe I holde,
When wilt thou rid me of this loathed thrall,
In which I am through Fancies bandes enrold ?
When wilt thou keepe thy promife vnto mee ?
Whereof no deedes, but wordes I yet can fee.

Why (doubtfull ftill) doeft thou my ioyes prolong ?
And driufte me of[f], in dalliance without caufe ?
Me and thy felfe, why doeft thou double wrong ?
To keepe thy word, why, fo long doft thou pause ?
Thus for to lofe thy golden Time, tis fin,
Which once being pafte, againe, thou canft not win.

Matters of ftate we vse to politize,
Procraftinating for aduantage great,
LOVE, lingring hates, and lothes to temporize,
Delaie's too colde, for his orewarmed heate ;
Ah, doe not driue me of[f] thus (ftill) in vaine,
Still for to lofe tis much, once let me gaine.

Dearer to me then th' apple of mine eyes,
Let word and deede, but once for all agree,
Not any can in face thee equalize,
If but a little more thou kinde wouldft be.
Then with allufiue Sightes, feede not me ftill,
But graunt (at laft) for to performe my will.

E

Ye

A L B A .

Ye lukewarme Teares which from my nere dride eyes,
Streame downe amaine like fountaines day and night,
Wende to my Lady in most humble wife,
And shew to her, my most vnhappie plight :
 Wende vnto her, who outwardly in shew,
 Seemes pittifull, but (inward) is not fo.

Weepe you to her and fay ; Ist possible
A Creature that so courteous seemes to all,
Shoulde haue a hart more cruell and more fell
Then Tiger, harder then a stony wall ?
 Ah why seemes she not inwardly as kinde,
 As she doth outward shew, the world to blinde.

This my *Icarian* foaring (boue my reach)
(Through Beautie, serenifing fals my Hart)
How I ore bolde, may headlong fall, doth teach,
Whilest LOVE doth play gainst me a subtile part :
 Yet Beauties Birth I am, by her I breath,
 Though liue against her fauour and her leaue.

Wilde fire with milke is quencht, rigor with teares,
Yet naught her stubborne minde can mollifie :
Vnto my prayers she stops her deafened eares,
And with Despayre requites my Courtesie.
 Thus am I still starre crossed in my Loue,
 As one bewitcht, with whom no good doth proue.

How

A L B A .

How long shall I diue in the vastie Sea,
To finde this Perle, this orient MARGARITE ?
How long this bottome sounding shall I be ?
Yet nere attaine this precious Iewell bright ?
My labors (like to *Hercules*) abound,
Who more he did, the more to doe, stil found.

I am too weake with *Ospraies* eyes to looke,
Against the fiery beames of this faire Sun :
Too great a Burthen haue I fondly tooke,
For my weake shoulders long since ouercome.
The more I seeke, the farther I, to finde,
Like to the wretch, that of his sight is blinde.

My brused Bulwarke is not strong enough
For to resist this beautious Batterie :
My yoke too small, to draw so huge a plough,
Mine eyes too dimme, such Brightnes to descrie :
This shewes, that as vnluckie I was borne,
To die vnfortunate I must not scorne.

Yet Ile not leaue to intercessionate,
To her hard Breast, for my too gentle Hart :
That if her Rigor she'le not mitigate,
At least she'le somewhat ease me of this Smart :
I onely craue, if she'le not yeelde reliefe,
T'adiourne my paine, and to proroge my Griefe.

E 2

Thrise

A L B A .

Thrife trebble blessed BRACELET, rich in prise,
I enuie not thy perlie fret, nor golde,
But fortune thine, because in happie wife,
The place of perfect pleasure thou dost holde.
 About that wrist thou turnst and windst so oft,
 More white then Snow, then thistle down more soft.

Bafe mindes loue Golde : tis not thy Golde I steeme,
For this I onely value thee at much,
Because an Ornament th'art to be seene,
Of her white Hand yclept of right NONESVCH :
 NONESVCH indeede, whose Beautie is so rare,
 As nere the like, attainde the perfects Faire.

This is the cause so highlie I thee rate,
As all the golden Mines of Indian Ground,
Nor Seas of Pearle can counteruaile thy state,
Wherein thou art this present to be found :
 And, if that trueth I shall confesse indeede,
 The wealth of all the world thou dost excede.

But when I marke, how by strange cunning Art,
Faire louelic Haires, with Pearle and Golde conioyne,
A pleasing ioy doth seaze vpon my Heart,
Whilest with strange pleasures, Fancie feeds my mind :
 So as (sweete BRACELET) thou dost rightly proue,
 To be th' enchantment of bewitching LOVE.

Liue

A L B A .

Liue Louely Fame, which when thou first didst take
Possession of my Heart, wert stony colde,
And bashfull ; but when entrance thou didst make,
Then, as Triumphant thou didst keepe thy holde :
 Changing both Thought & state, that where before
 Colde chillie Yce was, hot Desire burnt fore.

If I thee honor, worship, serue, and loue,
He knowes, who guides the restles Globe on high,
But enuious Fates on me their force doe proue,
And me, from thee haue banisht spitefully.
 So that more paine I doe each houre abide,
 Then if that thoufands forts of deaths I dide.

But fore that peereles shape of thine,
(The better part wherein my Soule doth rest)
Shall out of minde, or memory of mine,
(Whereby I only happy liue and blest,)
 All things shall chaunce, impossible that be,
 Myfelfe, forget myfelfe will I, fore thee.

The Sunne shall lose his power, and darke become,
The Skies shall melt, and into horror fall,
The earth shall sinke, the world be quite vndone,
And fore this chance, all strange things happen shall.
 Though (now) thou bidste in *Albions* fruitfull land,
 And I, where *Mantuan* Duke, his Court doth stand.

E 3 *Mantua* Such

A L B A .

Such as do ligger in Delight and ioy,
And haue what Hart can wish, or Thought deuise,
Spending their time withouten dire Annoy,
Liuing amongst their friends in iocund wife,
And who with Loue of Ladies theirs are blest,
May in *Eternam Requiem*, happie rest.

Me, fillie Trauailer (a pilgrim poore)
(Who through hard hap these blefsings all doe misse)
Care doth become, since want I do endure
Of Countrie, Friends, and Loue, my chiefeft blisse :
And yet this CARE not Ill, but well, with me,
Obferuing still *Decorum* doth agree.

A Trauailer, farre from his Natiue coast,
With Care doth rise, with Care him downe doth lay :
And though from pillar toft he be to poste,
When All him leaue, yet Care with him doth stay.
Not like vaine pleasure, who away doth peake,
When he his Bark through want perceiues to leake.

Thanks then to Care, of Poore the comfort chiefe,
The best companion that we Strangers finde,
In Countries strange forlorne, without reliefe,
Who quiet, gentle, patient is and kinde.
Then constant CARE, not Comfort I do craue,
And (might I chuse) I CARE with L. would haue.

This



A L B A .

This Tower, this Castle, this huge Prifon strong,
Begirt with high and double fenced Wall,
(Where I to be kept prifoner, thus haue wrong)
Can neuer hurt, nor do me harme at all :
 Since I was pent here, I am (nothing changde)
 But as before, when I abroad still rangde.

This place refraines my Bodies libertie,
But hath no power ouer my Thoughts or Minde,
VVhich is the caufe I count my felfe moft free,
Though I my felfe in greateft Bondage finde,
 I can fo feede on Fancie, and fubdue
 Enuie, by sweet Imagination true.

No sweeter Mufick to the Miferable,
Then is Despayre : therefore the more I feele
Of bitternes, of forrow fower and fell,
The more of Sweetnes it doth feeme to yeeld.
 Vaine I esteeme my life, all libertie,
 Since I do want mine ALBAS Companie.

Vfe, Miferie hath made familiar now
VVith me, that I count forrow chiefeft Ioy :
And him the welcomft Guest I do alow,
That saddeft tales can tell of bloodieft Noy.
 Then (Cruell) think what life I ftill haue led,
 Since fo in poft away from me th' art fled.

E 4

Thrice

A L B A .

Thrice precious purse, by daintie Hand ywrought,
Of Beauties First Borne, Fauours rightfull Heire,
Not for a world of wealth, purchaft or bought,
But freely giuen (for Loue) by ALBA faire :
 Giuen to me, vnworthie of the fame,
 As one not meriting fo great a Gaine.

Tis not the richnes hereof, though tis much,
Nor rarenes of the worke surpassing skill,
That I account of, though that it be such,
As euery eye, with mafelement it doth fill :
 But caufe t'was made by that Alconquering Hand,
 Whose becke, euē Loues own self doth countermaäd.

Dan Fortunatus Bagge, which Histories
Affirme, endles to be for golden store,
And that it helde of Quoyne Infinities,
To this my purse is needy, base and poore :
 Golde in the infide (onely) of his purse was feene,
 But mine, hath (alwaies) Golde without and in.

Pure gold tis wrought with, yet her Haires more bright,
Saft is the Silke, more faft her snowie skinne,
Orient the Perle, yet are her teeth more white,
The Cullers rare ; her cheekes the prife tho, winne :
 Ah precious Purse, where what I doe beholde,
 Are Cullours rare, fine Perle, faft Silke, pure Golde.
Warme

A L B A.

Warne showers raine fast from forth my blubbred eyes,
My heauie Thoughts are Clowdes replete with woes :
Hot liuely Flames from out my breast arife,
My skalding sighs the wind's that forth them blowes :
 Fire burning *Cancer* and *Aquarius* cold,
 Ore me their powers predominant do hold.

The flames, themfelues vp to the heauens lift,
Where they by thousands round about doe turne :
The waters runne like to a Torrent swift ;
Hence comes it that my selfe I drowne and burne,
 By reason of two spitefull Qualities,
 (Moysture and Heate) my life in danger lies.

My teares a great streame make, they so abound,
A quenchles burning this my secret Fire :
Hope doth despaire, and there her selfe hath drownde,
And Hart to cinders burnes through hot Desire :
 Fancie doth frolike, and doth still reuiue,
 Reason's so sicke, not long sheele keepe aliue.

ALBA my Teares accounteth as a Toy,
And for a sport mine ardent Heat she holds :
For in her eyes, *Cocitus* (me to noy)
And *Phlegeton* in breast she fierce enfolds.
 Thus she my Hart doth still anatomife,
 With keenest rasor of her Crueltife.

Haires

ALBA.

Haires louely Browne immur'd with pearle and gold,
How ill fits you this Ribbon Carnatine,
Since I no more your Miftris now behold,
Of my difaster, moft vn lucky figne,
Who to me gaue this Bracelet for a FAVOVR,
A work by Beautie framde through LOVES true la-
(bour.

How often would she, bout my Wrift still prie,
And vnderminde me (by deuife) as twere,
Making a shew of Doubt and Ielousie,
As if I it forgot bout me to beare ?
But now I feare me, through her staying ore long,
Both LOVE, Her self, and Me, she much doth wrong.

VVho euer saw a Beautie such, so faire,
Lodgde in a subiect so vnconstant found?
Who euer saw more loyall Louer rare,
To such hard Fortune (caufeles) to be bound?
Ah why is not (as is her face) her Minde?
Th' one's Faire, the other, I Forgetfull finde.

Then louely Haires, my dearest Harts best Ease,
You must from Handwrist mine to Hatband black :
There must you bide, though me it doth displease,
Since whom I would, I most of all do lack.
This fable place doth fit you best to mourne,
Where you vnscene, shall lie till she returne.

Ah

A L B A .

Ah happie Handkercher, that keepst the signe,
(As only Monument vnto my Fame)
How deare my Loue was to sweet ALBA mine,
VVhen (so) to shew my Loue she did me blame.
 Relique of LOVE I do not enuie thee,
 Though whom thy Master cannot, thou dost see.

Only let me intreat this Fauour small,
VVhen in her chamber all alone by chance,
Open her pretie Casket for some work she shall,
And hap her eye on thee vnwares to glance :
 Ah, then the colour of her face but marke,
 And thou by that shalt know her inward hart.

If she shall blush, and grieve, thee so to view,
And wiftly cast on thee a piteous eye,
It is a signe her loue continues true,
And that her faith she doth not falsifie.
 Ah, then (afresh) (her faith more firme to moue)
 Bleed thou againe, for to reuiue her Loue.

But if she (seeing thee) no account doth make,
Flinging thee here and there without regard :
Know then expired is my louing Date,
My Hope deceiu'd, my Fortune ouer hard.
 Yet if she doth but sighing say to thee,
 (Saftly) (Farewell deare SERVANT) happie mee.
Thofe

A L B A .

Those ebbon windowes fweete, those cheerfull eyes,
Where LOVE (at LAVVGH and fweete looke on) doth
Are on the sudden changde in strangie wife, (play,
And do Difdaines Ensigne (gainst me) display :
Darke now they seeme, and sower, ore passing bad,
Making my life seeme to me black and sad.

Those cheerfull eyes, which wont to comfort me,
And to my hungrie soule yeeld nourishment,
Denie me food, nor will they pleased be,
But mew me vp, as starueling closely pent.
My walks I vñde, which faire and easie were,
Are stopt with blood-drawing brābles euery where.

My crafed hart thus skorned for his Loue
And plagude with proud difdaine and sdainfull Pride,
Wailes so as would a Rock (though flintie) moue :
Nor better course hath this Disgrace to bide,
Then sighs and Teares, which forth he sends apace,
And (damned like) still begs, but nere finds grace.

Sweet stay of my weake tottring life nie falne,
Balme to my wounds, and Cordiall to my grieffe,
Light to my darknes, to my storme, mild Calme,
Ease to my paine, and to my want, Reliefe.
Ah who hath now (and that so suddenly)
Of pitie thee depriu'd, to make me die ?

Poore

A L B A .

Poore wafted Hart that wandrest not astray,
Although thy PEARLE her orient colour change :
Thou, which in thy first Faith vntaind dost stay,
Although she from her plighted vow doth range.
 Ah, where are now thy cheerfull daies of Hope ?
 Thy Liues line, Loue, what wretched hãd hath broke ?

Alas poore soule, how badly art thou vñde,
For thy much louing (louing ouer long ?)
Causeles without desert to be refufde,
And for thy right to be repaid with wrong ?
 (Fond) do betimes from Fancies Fort retire,
 Reason retaine, and banish rash Desire.

What meanst thou careles thus to seek thy Care ?
Call home thy Wits, giue ore although with losse :
Els like one blindfold art thou caught in snare,
And wilt too late returne by weeping crosse.
 Seest not that shut is Loues sweet passage plaine,
 That opens wide the path of proud Difdaine ?

If so, why shouldst thou beg (in vaine) for grace ?
Rather demanda thy pasport and away :
Better at first giue ore in midst of Race,
Then lose in th'end, though longer time thou stay.
 Then if she'le not admit thee as a frend,
 Let her thee manumit (as Free) to wend.

O

A L B A .

O that I were where bides mine ALBA faire,
VVhose perfon to poffeffe is pleafure fuch,
As driues away all melancholy Care,
Which doth the Hart through Griefs impreffion touch :
 Whofe louely Locks All do more curious deeme,
 When they moft careles to be dressed feeme.

Her fweet Lookes moft alluring be, when they
Moft chafte do feeme in modeft glancing fhew :
Her words, the more they vertuoufly do way,
The more (in count) for amorous they go :
 Her dreflings fuch as when neglected moft,
 She's thought as then to haue beftowd moft coft.

Sweet Fortune, when I meet my louely Treafure,
Dafh my Delights with fome fmall light difgrace,
Left I (enjoying fweetnes boue all meafure)
Surfet without recure on that faire face.
 Her wonted coyneffe let her vfe a while,
 My fierce Defire by Diet to beguile.

Left with the fulnes of my ioyes, abate
The fweetnes, and I perifh straight before
I do poffeffe them, at too deare a rate.
But foft (Fond *Icarus*) how high wilt foare ?
 Thou dreamft I think, or foulie doft mistake,
 I dreame indeed, Ah might I neuer wake.

Like

A L B A.

Like as the Hawke cast from the Faulkners fist,
Freed from the Mew doth (ioyfull) take his flight,
Soaring aloft in th' aire as best him list,
Now here, now there, doth finde no small delight,
 Enjoying that, which Treasures all doth passe,
 (His libertie) wherefore he prifoner was.

But when th' acquainted Hollow he doth heare,
And seeth the Lure cast forth him home to traine,
As one obedient full of awfull feare,
He leaues his flight, and backward turnes againe,
 Chusing in ancient bonds for to be bound,
 Fore faithles to his Lord he will be found :

So (ALBA) though I wanton, otherwhile,
Do runne abrode, and other Ladies court,
Seeking the time with pleasures to beguile,
And oft my selfe with words of course do sport,
 Dissembling with Dissemblers cunninglie,
 As is the guife, with tongue, with hand, and Eye.

Yet when I thinke vpon thy face diuine,
Thy Beautie cals me home, straight as a Lure,
All other banishing from Hart of mine,
And in LOVES Bands to thee doth binde me sure.
 And since my Faith, and Fates do so ordaine,
 I am content thy prifoner to remaine.

Where

A L B A .

Where are those Haires so louely Browne in show ?
Where is that snowy Mount of Iuorie white ?
With damaske Rose where do the Lillies grow ?
Whose Colours & whose sweetnes All delight ? (Loue,
Where are those cheerfull Lights, Lamps of cleere
Wherein, a beautilous Heaucn doth alwaies moue ?

Where are those *Margarite Pearles* withouten prife,
And Rubies rich (my matchles Treasures store)
With other Graces, wonders to the Wife,
Worthy that euery Lawrell them adore ?
I know not I, vnles in her they be,
In Her who's Faire, Alas too Faire for me.

VVhy haue not then my Stars so courteous bin,
In this to me, as they are in the rest,
That I by loftie stile might Beautie win,
And blaze abrode her praise deferuing best ?
VVhy haue not I the Gift, her Gifts to thunder,
And make the world thereat admire and wonder ?

Could I (but as she doth deserue aright)
Sing as a Cignet sweete with pleasing vaine,
Her Vertues rare, her straining Beauties fight,
As I am blunt in Wit, and dull in Braine,
I then should see, her Courteous, Gentle, Milde,
VVhere now I finde her, Cruell, Proud and Wilde.
Needs

A L B A .

Needes must I ALBA leaue, yet she'le not part,
Though I doe loue her, yet still my Desire,
Seekes her to keepe in Clofet of my Hart ;
And though she doth against me thus conspire,
Yet with my Soule, I must her Error moane,
Since so vnkindelie she her selfe hath showne.

My secret griefes Ile in my selfe disieft ;
The world shall neuer know her hatefull Pride,
Her shame (my Bane) I will conceale in brest,
And as a Monument there shall it bide.

ALBA farewell, all pittie now is fled,
And since tis so, Adew, I am but Dead.

But thou (my Hart) come thou from her thy way ;
Tis time (I thinke) to leaue that witching face,
Where too too much vnkindenes still doth stay ;
For Loyall Loue, there is no resting place.
Simple Goodwill, to sojourne findes it vaine,
Where Thoughts are falls, and Double do remaine.

My nere stainde Faith, my life shall testifie,
To future Age, that shall hereafter come,
To shew the world my spotles Loyaltie :
And yet perhaps againe may shine the Sunne,
When as my Trueth vnto her being knowne,
She may at last receiue me for her owne.

F

The

The Conclusion of the second Part.

*If I should count the spending of my time,
Since Her I lost, with whom I left my life ;
How I in Griefe without reliefe doe pine,
My seldome Pleasures, and my Corfies rife,
If I should take upon me, these to tell,
It were in vaine, for t'were impossibell.*

*Yet still the more I suffer for her sake,
The more my Hart doth studie to endure,
The world shall know the Pennance he doth make,
And how his Thoughts are loyall, chaste, and pure.
So small account he maketh for to die,
As his owne Death he seeketh wilfully.*

*Of Her he still doth buzze me in the eare,
And wils me make a Iournie to that place,
To haue a sight of Her (to him so deare)
Whose beautious shape all Beauties doth disgrace.
Alas I would full faine, Her selfe doth know,
But Danger to offend, doth still say No.*

*Then since poore Hart, thou canst not haue thy will,
But longst for what thou neuer shalt obtaine,
Consume thy selfe with thy recureles ill,
As Women, that with Longing breede their bane.
And as thou diest, let this thy Comfort be,
Thy LOVE was VERTVE, hers was CHASTITIE.*

R. T.

THE
THIRD PART
OF THE MONETHS
MIND OF A MELAN-
CHOLY LOVER.

By R. T. Gentleman.



AT LONDON
Printed by *Felix Kingston*, for *Matthew
Lownes*. 1598.

Alba Crudelissima.

I O here the course spun Web of Discontent,
Extract from out the cause of my trew Griefe,
The Quintessence of my Complaint close pent,
Wherein my Hart hath line without reliefe :
The Glasse wherein my sorrowes each may see,
Thou cruell ALBA, thus haste plagued me.

Thinke on the Meltfull MONTHS MINDE I still keepe,
Depriu'de of thee, how I doe liue forlorne,
All night I sigh, all day I waile and weepe,
As one that hath all pleasure quite forsworne :
Thus (carefull I) doe care for careles thee,
Whilst wretchles thou, makst no account of mee.

Knewst thou what t'were to Loue, and what to hate,
I know with Malice thine thou wouldst dispence,
And wouldst enhaunce my Bale to bliffefull state,
And Loue with Loue, not Rigor recompence ;
Ah gainst me doe not thou thy wrath incite,
Monstrous it is, Loue to repaye with spite.

Be gracious then, though I haue graceles bin,
Let Fauour thine, aboue my Merit show,
Against the Tide, why shouldst thou alwaies swim ;
And as a froward Tortoys backward goe ?
Not Night, but Light giue me with those faire Eyes,
Fierce Serpents (not milde Doues) enuenumife.

F 3

To

A L B A .

Now earthly *Goddeffe* haue thou some regard
To me thy seruant, crauing what is iust,
Though long at last, yeelde to me some rewarde,
Since I relie on thee, and wholly trust.
 Thinke on the pennance fore I doe endure,
 Which to my Soule, thine Absence doth procure.

Support my feeble Thoughts, that scarfe can moue,
For thou wert wont, such, better to commend,
Who would perfist more loyall in their Loue,
And perfeuere vnto the latest end,
 Then those, who whē Loues course they gan to run,
 Would giue it ore, before halfe way were done.

I cannot doe so, for my longing Hart,
Is knit in thine, in such perfection strange,
That Death these twaine in sunder cannot part,
Nor length of Time, nor Places distant change :
 Thy *Beautious Vertue, Vertuous Beautie* tis,
 That makes me ioy in noy, take Bale for blis.

Ah where art thou kinde *Friendship* that of yore
Still with thy cheerefull smile, didst comfort mee ?
And sweetely wouldst with me my state deplore,
When heauie, sad, and grieu'd thou didst me see ?
 Ah where are those *Alcinoi daies* as now ?
 I *Metamorphosde* am, I know not how.

F 4

Cleere

A L B A .

Cleere shines the Sonne, yet shines it not on me,
Faire is the Morne, yet darkened is my Light,
Others the Spring, I Fall of leafe doe see,
Whilest I enioy no Day, but gloomy Night ;
 Thou art the cause (sweete ALBA for thy Loue,
 In absence thine) these bitter Brunts I proue.

Whilest thou like Princeesse entertained art,
By thy kinde Tenants in most dutious wife,
Seeking to shew the zeal of their pure Hart,
By all the pleasing meanes they can deuise.
 Striuing who shall thee better entertaine,
 (Signes of thy welcome home to them againe.)

I here am left alone, all poste alone,
As LOVES true Pledge, that lies for Faith to Pawne,
Onely to wait thy parture and to mone,
Whilest my Conceits on Sorrowes Tent are drawne,
 Like to the Bird, on solitarie branch,
 Wailing his Mates sowe losse through hard mischance.

Then louely thou my Harts deare Treasurer,
Let me obtaine this Fauour at thy Grace,
That thou delay no longer nor defer,
But daime me once more, see thy heauenly face.
 Else here I vow, (if so thou come not soone)
 Me, shalt thou not see, thou shalt see my Toome.
Now

A L B A .

Now that my weary spirits do runne their race,
To those tranſplendent Lamps of ALBA faire :
And gazing there (in vaine) do plead for grace,
Leauing their ancient lodging nakte and bare.

She as their Foe ſtands on her Brauerie,
And paſſage to their Entrance doth denie.

They finding ſhut faſt cloſe, milde Pities gate,
And ſeeing in what danger I remaine,
With haſte returne from whence they came of late,
Retiring to their wonted Home againe,
Where they reſoſe, of Hope quite diſpoſſeſt,
And there with Feare and Care together reſt.

Diſdaine thoſe eyes ſpoyles, that before were bright,
And fierce Deſire, that to reuenge hath minde
Increaſeth ſtill in hart to worke me ſpite,
Deuiſing how to make her more vnkinde :

The one, the Bellowes vnto Furie blowes,
The other, ſlaue to wrathfull Anger ſhowes.

But though to me ſhe ſeemes as pitileſſe,
Seeking my Death, without cauſe to conſpire :
Yet will I beare with all wrongs nere the leſſe,
Reſolu'd to bide the vtmoſt of her ire :

Againſt her wrath Ile true and Humble be,
For Faiths my Fence, my Shield's, Humilitie.

Poore

A L B A .

Poore *Meleager* being in disdaine,
With furious *Altea* (cruell mother his)
She flang his *fatall Brand* in fierie flame,
Long time kept by her, (as her chieftest blis)
So as through fire it did (consumde) decay,
His wretched life did peece-meale waste away.

Altea, mine ALBA is, *Meleager* I,
The *fatall Brand* where bides my life, her *Loue* :
No longer then she keepes this happely
For me, no longer may my spirits moue.
Long time *Affection* kept it, but as now
She flings it in the flame with angrie brow.

Anger's the *Fire*, *Suspect* kindles the *Flame*,
Conceit's the *Bellows*, wherewith she doth blow :
Haste was the hand which flung it in the fame,
The *Coles*, *Vnkindnes*, that did burne it fo.
Ah, but one drop of *Water* of her *Grace*,
If so I had, twould quencht be in small space.

Thus do I burne, and burning breathe my last,
And breathing last, to naught consume away :
Like to that Lampe whose Oyle when it doth waste,
By lesser light, and lesser doth decay.
Yet in this *Fire* I crie still for to moue her,
Ah pitie me th'vnhappiest loyall *Louer*.

Thou

A L B A .

Thou solitarie Mountaine, *Mount of Mone*,
Pleasing to me, mine only solace chiefe,
How like are we? we two seeme but as One,
Since thou shewst *fad*, and I still, to haue *Griefe*,
 Thou with wilde sauadge Woods art compast round,
 And in my Brest sharp austere Thoughts are found.

The huger Hill in bignes thou dost show,
The more, (All) thee vncouth and sauadge deeme :
The more that I in yeares in Loue do grow,
The more deformed Creature I do seeme.
 Water from thee, from euey side doth come,
 And teares from out mine eyes as Fountaines run.

Thou dost abide the blustering furious winde,
The paine of skalding sighs perforce I feele :
Tempests and stormes, to thee are oft vnkinde,
But worfe to me is ALBAS Hart of steele :
 Thou strooken art by *Ioues* fire from aboue,
 And I am blasted with *Lightning of Loue*.

Thou wantest Fruit, and I am without Hart,
Only in this my Griefes do thine exceede,
That where as thou insensible still art,
I (liuing) feele too well the Brunt indeede.
 Yet wert thou worfe I like in thee to stay,
 Since that my *Pearle*, mine ALBA'S gone her way.

O

A L B A .

Ye Hoarie *Hills*, and Icie *waters* colde,
If what fresh *Aprill* giues, sharp *Ianiere*
To take away from you himselfe shewes bolde :
Yet quickly doth the Sunne with pleasing cheere,
 Restore to you your *Lineries* greene againe,
 And flowring Banks longst which you streame attain.

But now to me from whom mine ALBA faire,
Still hides her selfe, all Hope is withered quite :
Nor will she shew her selfe, to ease my Care,
For my yong Plant an enuious frost doth bite,
 Since that same hart that gentle was of yore,
 Hardning it selfe gainst me, still swelleth more.

Nature (you) gouernes, but *Loue* rules ore mee ;
Nature is louing as a *Mother* kinde,
Loue, worfe then cruell *Step dame* is to see,
And to my losse (gainst conscience) doth me binde,
 Taking from me mine ancient Priuiledge
 Whereby I liue, my daies for to abridge.

Then happie *Hills* you shall be greene againe,
And blessed *Springs* your Courses you shall holde :
But if that she reuiue not that hath slaine,
I soone shall dye, Conceit is growne so cold,
 Left her warme Sunne glide hither it to thaw,
 My freezing Hart no more his breath shall draw.

How

A L B A .

How long shall I knock at that Iron *Gate*,
Of thy *hard Hart*, for mercie? (but in vaine?)
How long my Griefes to thy deaffe eares relate,
And reape nought els but trauell for my paine?
Yet still Ile hope, since *Acornes*, *Oakes* become
And tynie drops proue *Floods* that streaming runne.

Thy face is faire, yeeld Fauour then to mee;
Thy hart is flesh, not bone, then gently show;
Ah let thy *Loue* with thy sweet Cheere agree,
And to atonement we shall quickly grow:
My *Loue* which is to thee more then extreame,
Requite not with a fortune ouer meane.

If thou shouldst be *Vnfaithfull* in thy *Loue*,
VVhere should I flie for succour, or for Truth?
If th'owlt not heare my sute, whom should I moue?
If thou be *Cruell*, who will then shew Ruth?
If thou Deceit shalt vse, twill likely be,
Others dispencc will with deepest subtiltie.

More triall then th'haft had thou canst not haue;
(How oft) my secret Harts depth wilt thou found?
Wilt thou my blood spill when thou maist it saue?
When thou maist heale my Grief, still wilt thou wound?
Ah do not (*Surgion* like) *Anatomise*
Each *muskle* of my griefe in cruell wife.

Sick

A L B A .

Sick in my lothed Bed I languish fast,
Nor can my learned Doctor help me ought,
His cunning now is at the latest cast,
Yet he no ease to crased me hath brought.
And marueile none though he no helpe can finde,
Sicke am I not in Bodie, but in minde.

My hart each houre doth worfe and worfer proue,
And my Disease encreaseth more and more,
Because he wants her sight whom I doe loue :
Nor can I haue a salue for this my fore.
Lesse so much labour, LOVE for me doth take,
As my Phisition, ALBA faire to make.

Sicke is my foule, my Body languisheth,
Th' one's farre from health, the other's nothing nie :
So as I doubtfull liue, scarce drawing breath,
Twixt feare and hope in this extremitie.
A strange Consumption hath me wasted long,
And for a *Pearle* restoratiue I long.

This for me, then all Phisick is most sure,
Or els I doubt I neuer shall be whole :
For whilst that Nature would my Bodie cure,
Loue (pestilenzing) doth infect my foule.
Then ALBA shew now if thou be'st Diuine,
Raife Dead to life, for now, or nere tis time.

Why

A L B A .

Why should I loue, when I am loathed still ?
And praife her still, who seekes me to dispraife ?
Why should graue reason yeelde to headstrong will,
My Griefes the more to multiplie and raife.
I doe commit *Idolatrie* extreme
With her, whom I should rather right blaspheme.

Fire if it warme not, for no Fire we deeme,
The Sunne, no Sunne we count, except it shine,
Water no water, but it wet do seeme,
Vertue no vertue, lest it show some signe :
No Woman is she, thats not pitifull,
Rather *Prides Spaune*, a nice disdainefull Trull.

Haue I transgrest the Boundes of Modestie ?
Whispering vndecient speeches in her Eare,
Or haue I (ere) assailde her Chastitie,
And fought the spoyle thereof away to beare ?
If I haue shamde my self in such grosse wife,
Why then she reason hath me to despise.

Ah no, far be it from my harmeles Thought,
Such base vnseemely tricks to her to moue,
A matter small it was (God knowes) I fought,
Onely to be *Retainer* to her *Loue*.
No scandall t'is, t'is no Disparagement,
Seruice t'accept, where naught but Honors ment.

G

Faine

A L B A .

Faine would I take of quiet sleepe the Say,
My wearied Corse with ease for to delight,
But I no wished rest can finde by Day,
Nor slumber sweetely in my bed by Night.
No rest I wretched man as yet can take,
My woes are such, as force me still to wake.

My *Trueth* is measured by my *Fortune* hard,
And I (poore soule) *Vnfaithfull* iudged am,
Because I seeme *Vnhappie* ; and am bard
Fro all good Chance : (Gainst right) I beare the blame,
But willingly ; (since she doth will) I shall
Whose Absence turnes my Hony into Gaule

Yet faine I slumber would, though but a while ;
But if I cannot with that Fode be fed,
I will embrace (the time for to beguile)
Such golden Thoughts as are within my head.
Golden indeede, Golde Thoughts of such a one,
As I prefer fore Golde, though she a *Stone*

But sleepe, or die, Then, dye, thou canst not sleepe,
For thee to sleepe it is impossibell,
To thinke what's past, broade waking will thee keepe :
Which thou must still conceale, not any tell.
My comfort's this, that waking as I die,
I see my *Loue* in Thought, though not with eye.

Pure

A L B A .

Pure *Iuorie* white, with spot of *Crimson* red,
Where *Beauties First Borne* lay the perfect Molde,
Or like *Aurora* rising from her Bed,
Such was mine ALBA faire for to beholde.

Such was She, when She louely LOVE ore came,
The *Conquerors Glory, Conquereds Pleasing Shame.*

But now that *Cullor* faire hath changde his grace,
Through *Burning Feuer*, (deadly in his kinde)
And *Sallow Palenes* stained hath that Face,
To whom the Prize for *Fauour* was affinde,
Sicke is my *Lady*, sicke is all *Delight*,
And brightest Day is turnde to darkest Night.

Fortune hath stolne from ALBA, tooke from LOVE,
From him she takes his *Solace, Sport* and *Play* ;
From Her her *Beautie* which she would improue,
And to her selfe, would (falsely) it conuay.
Being *Pitifull* she *Cruell* seemes to be
And in her Blindenes sheweth that she can fee.

False Fortune darke as *Molle* in any Good ;
But to doe Hurt, as *Argus*, full of Eyes,
In outward shew, a *Tiger* fierce and wood :
And yet to me she's *kinde* in piteous wife.
Since She, by drawing *Beautie* from that place,
Quencht hath my Fier, to ease me for a space.

G 2

My

A L B A .

My Harte vpon his Deathbed, sicke, did lye,
 Calling vpon proud ALBA but in vaine ;
 Too Cruell she, (for pittie) it did crie,
 Yet had Repulse through Rigor of Disdaine.
 So as to liue thus (long) it could not bide,
 But foone gaue vp the Ghost, and so he dide.

Then to the *Chappell* of bad *Fortune* hard,
 By smoking fighes it quickelie was conuaide,
 A place for these sad Funerals preparede,
 Where in a *Tomb* of *Loyaltie* t'was laide.
 Anger, Suspect, Griefe, Sorrow, Care, and Feare,
 With dismall Doubtes, the chieftest mourners were.

About the Hierce, great store of Teares were shed ;
 The Torches that did burne so cleare and bright,
 Were ALBAS eyes by Crueltie miste.
 Whilst the triumpht to see so wofull sight.
 Pittie the *Dirge* did sing with wofull Plaint.
 Assisted with a blacke and dismal Sount.

Vpon the Monument yplac'd was
 Fire, Swords, and Cords, with Arrows tharge & beane,
 The Epitaph for such as by themid pass
 Was thus inscribed, and carued to be seene.
*Let here that gentle Heart entomb'd be,
 Whom cruel ALBA could not keep alive*

A L B A .

Poore Soule, in couert ioy, thy Care fauns rest,
VVeare VVillow in thy Hat, Baies in thy Hart,
Gold when it bubbleth leaft, then boyles it best
VVater runs smootheft in the deepeft part.
By thy great warines let it be feene,
Not what thou now art, but what thou haft beene.

The greateft comfort (as a Louers dew)
Is, of his Miftris Secrets, much to know,
Yet no leffe labor for him (being Trew)
Then naught to fay, nor ought thereof to fhew :
Of men we learne to fpeake, things to reueale,
Of Gods, filent to be, and to conceale.

Yet's sweete the Beautie of mine ALBA faire :
What blabft thou it ? yea blab it willinglie :
Bees that doe die, with honey buried are,
With dulcet notes, and heauenly Harmonie :
And they that dying, doe Beautie ftill commend,
Shall be with kindenes honoured in the end.

Then hope thou well, and haue well (as they fay)
Long haue I hopte, but Hoping is in vaine,
Hope with Allufions, dallying doth me pay,
Yet but for Hope, the Hart would breake in twaine.
Ah MELT my Hart, would Melted once thou were,
Thou shouldft not then haue caufe fo much to feare.

G 3

The

§ § § §

The *Fall of Love* the *Springtime of my Love*
 Flouting a truth with *Hope* I found to be:
 But now alas the *Spring* now *Love* is gone,
Fall of the Love of my *Love* I see
 The *Springtime* of my *Love* is past
 Now comes the *Fall* of my *Love* I see at last

Love is requited whilst he *Thyself* has
 Against his prince grant me his *Conqueror's*
 Weapons whilst *Love* made *Love* to fight,
 And *Love* his *Love* and his *Love* I see
 He is requited and mine *Love* is dead,
 I *Love* him here, yet in *Love* am dead

In vain I wish for what I cannot have,
 And *Love* with *Love* to aggravate my *Love*:
 What is to me denied, that still I crave,
 Gazing my *Love* with *Love* alone:
 Yet I *Love* her *Love* knoweth she,
 That she her *Love* *Love* when she kills me

Meantime in *Love* *Love* *Love* *Love*
 My *Love* *Love* *Love* *Love* *Love* *Love*
 Hating all *Love*, I *Love* there will dwell,
 Because I of my *Love* am *Love*
 Like *Love* *Love* of *Love* *Love* *Love*
 Of whom I (never yet) could *Love* *Love*

How

A L B A .

How long shall I importune thee with Cries,
And presse thee for some Grace (*hard flintie Dame?*)
How long my sute deplore in pitious wife,
And yet be frustrate of that I complaine?
Vrge me with ought if so thou canst of Ill
Do but obiect, and answer thee I will.

Cite me at LOVES *great Audit* to appeare,
And if a *iust account* I giue not thee
Of all my Life, since Loyall I did sweare
Vnto thy *Cruell* selfe, *casheere* thou mee :
But if I true haue bin and dealt vpight,
Thou dost me wrong to set by me so light.

More then high time tis for thee to relent,
My *sorrowes* flowes aboue their wonted Bound,
And well nie breake my Hart where they are pent,
(For so great Force) a too too slender ground.
Then me supplant not from my wished rest,
But do abiure harsh Rigor from thy brest.

Affect me (not inflict on me) fresh woe
Thy Loue, my seruice merits, not thy Hate,
My loyall Hart to thee, didst thou but know,
Thou wouldst not thus reuenge, but rew my state :
Nor am I ouer bolde in what I craue,
Pitie (not *Fauour*) I desire to haue.

G 4

TAVVNY

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~~DATE 08-01-2001 BY 60322 UCBAW/STP~~
 (taken

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem. This involves gathering information about the situation and understanding the needs of the stakeholders involved.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to develop a plan. This involves setting goals, identifying resources, and determining the steps that need to be taken to address the problem.

3. The third step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the plan into action and monitoring progress to ensure that the goals are being met.

4. Finally, the fourth step is to evaluate the results. This involves assessing the effectiveness of the plan and making adjustments as needed to improve the outcome.

一、關於「中國共產黨」：中國共產黨是中國工人階級的先進部隊，是中國無產階級專政的領導力量。中國共產黨是中國工人階級的先進部隊，是中國無產階級專政的領導力量。

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LOVES

A L B A.

LOVES LABOR LOST, I once did see a Play,
Ycleped so, so called to my paine,
VVhich I to heare to my small Ioy did stay,
Giuing attendance on my froward Dame,
My misgiuing minde prefaging to me Ill,
Yet was I drawne to see it gainst my Will.

This *Play* no *Play*, but Plague was vnto me,
For there I lost the Loue I liked most :
And what to others seemde a Iest to be,
I, that (in earnest) found vnto my cost,
To euery one (saue me) twas *Comicall*,
Whilst *Tragick* like to me it did befall.

Each Actor plaid in cunning wife his part,
But chiefly Those entrapt in *Cupids* snare :
Yet all was fained, twas not from the hart,
They seemde to grieue, but yet they felt no care :
Twas I that Griefe (indeed) did beare in brest,
The others did but make a show in Iest.

Yet neither faining theirs, nor my meere Truth,
Could make her once so much as for to smile :
Whilst she (despite of pitie milde and ruth)
Did sit as skorning of my Woes the while.
Thus did she sit to see LOVE lose his LOVE,
Like hardned Rock that force nor power can moue.

My

A L B A .

Deare Parler, (louing lodging vnto me)
Mine only Walke and Garden of Delight,
Ah who hath tooke thy Beautie now from thee?
And rest from me what most did please my sight?
Ah if our wonted Sunne do not returne,
(As absent Her) so, me, (dead) shalt thou mourne.

My Hart that scarce his fainting breath drawes hard,
Demaundeth still his *tribute* of mine eyes:
Needes must I pay a too too small reward
Whilst he his Masters sorrowes oremuch tries.
(Poore Hart) thy Master wrongs thee I confesse,
Yet cannot he amend it neer the lesse.

I beare my part with thee in this sad mone,
In this sad *Quire* where dolefull Notes I sing:
For not to any but to me alone,
This *Roomth* as vncouth seemes, and grieve doth bring,
Yet since she here did vse her walke to make,
These naked Walls Ile honor for her sake.

Ah *Quondam Temple of my Goddesse faire*,
Great reason haue I thee for to adore:
Thy Boords and Windowes I do holde as rare,
Since thou hast entertainde her heretofore,
Though *Saint* be gone, and nought be left but *Shrine*,
Yet for her *Loue* Ile hold thee as *Diuine*.

Shall

A L B A .

Ah ALBA faire, ah me vnfortunate !
Ah that my Birth's so low, my Thoughts so hie,
My due Defires so great, so poore my state,
As not to ioy my Right, deferuinglie !
 How might I please thee, thee for to possesse ?
 With how great will would I my selfe addresse ?

Will Labours patient of Extremities
Obtaine the fauour of thy long fought Loue ?
I will attempt, if so thou but deuise,
Monsters to tame, and Mountaines to remoue :
 Alcidas like, all things I will subdue
 So I may finde thee gracious when I fue.

Dost thou the passions of deep Loue desire ?
The sad despayring moode of perplext minde,
The nere exprest (through hidden torments) Fire
Of racked Thoughts ? dost couet this to finde ?
 Mark my deep sighs, my hollow eyes, salt teares,
 My broken sleepes, my heauy countnance beares.

Wouldst thou I to thy Beautie vowde should bee ?
And in thy seruice spend my long lifes time ?
Remember then my solitarie life for thee,
This seuen whole yeares (a *Prentiship* of mine)
 Tis true (thou knowst) where ere thou (now) remaine,
 Then be appeasde, and pleasde to ease my paine.

Say

A L B A .

Say then faire ALBA, faire, yet full of spight,
What haue I done that thou shouldst me vndoe ?
Holding thee *Deare*, why sets by me so light ?
Why silent art thou when to thee I sue ?
The more Submissiue I, and Humble am,
Why gainst me dost thy selfe still *slainfull* frame ?

Whom haue I but *mine owne Thoughts* entertainde,
And thy rare Vertues ? and what companie
But *Contemplation*, hath with me remainde ?
And whom haue I still wondred at but thee ?
Whom haue I not contemnd for thee, since time
I first beheld that matchles shape of thine ?

Haue I not crept to some, not trod with feete
On them, cause thou to fauour them I saw ?
Haue not all Iniuries to me bin sweete ?
If thou didst will me beare them, twas a Law.
Haue I not spent my golden yeares with Hope ?
Seeking nought but thy Loue (my Wishe scope.)

Yet in the midst of these *distempered Thoughts*,
Thou art not only *Ielous* of my *Truth*,
But makst account of me, farre worse then Noughts,
Nor dost by Message yeeld me any Ruth :
My Loue vnspotted, cannot be accepted,
My Truth (O strange) vnspokeable's reiectd.

Like



A L B A .

Like to this *Sea*, LOVE hath me fashiond right,
He full of water, I replete with woe :
He boyles and bubbleth vp in open fight,
I fret and rage where ere I (wandring) goe :
 He flowes, and boue his banks the surges rife,
 (From me) falt teares gush forth in streaming wife.

He water wants not, nor my Griefes decrease ;
Thousands of quicksands hath he all about,
I, thousand cares that on my Hart do sease :
His waues are cut in twaine, my Hart, throughout.
 The whistling reedes about his banks do found,
 Sorrow in me is of my song the ground.

Both windes and raine vpon him (daily) fall,
I still, distill falt showres and sighs amaine :
By tempests, oft his Channels broke are all,
My Bowels cleft be with continuall paine :
 His bottome none can well perceiue or fee,
 My Torments without depth sauns sounding bee.

Only we differ thus, he still doth bide
Here, swallowing them that passe alongst this place,
I vade away, and (*Cruell Homicide*)
Murther I doe my selfe in pitious case.
 Who then can rid me (*Notamis of Woe*)
 From these hell plagues ? None, but my *Cruell Foe*.

ALBA

A L B A .

ALBA I haue not liued ouer long,
Yet haue I hollow eyes, and hairens halfe gray :
My yeares not many, for I am but yong,
Though wrinckled be my cheekes and lims decay.
But is this Deftinie, or ift pure Deceit ?
That hath on me (thus) wrought this cunning feat ?

Ift be the firft, why then none could preuent
My wretched Stars to fcape this miferie ?
Ift be the latter that fuch ill me ment,
I needes muft think it was mine Enemie.
It was (indeed), thy felfe it was (*Faire Witch*)
That with thy beautie wrought me to be fch.

Thou art too Faire (I fee) for to be true,
And too too Falfc for one that is fo Faire :
Yet for my wrongs thou feemeft not to rue,
Nor for my Croffes ought at All doft care :
And yet my Loue's more feruent ftill towards thee,
My fparks growne flames, my cinders bonfires bee.

Only I grieue my daies are at an end,
Fore I can of thee any fauour gaine :
And which is worfe, I likely am to fpend
All the Remainder, yet no Grace obtaine.
Vnhappie Pilgrim I, borne ftill to euill,
To fhine her for a Saint, who is a Deuill.

When

A L B A .

When *Beautie* sickneth, then *Defire* doth die,
Fauor doth vade most flourishing in his prime,
Then LOVE doth ebbe, when flowes *Aduerfitie*,
But *Friendship* bides out euerie stormie *Time*.
Ah ALBA I not doted haue on thee,
But lou'd thee deare, as deere as decre might bee.

Affection, (alwaies) either grounded is,
On *Vertue* ; (and *Vertue* nere peeuiſh ſhowes)
Or elſe on *Beautie* ; (counted chiefeſt bliſſe)
And *Beautie* praiſde, (through *Loue*) more fairer growes :
I neuer Peruerſe was, nor Sullen yet,
But praiſde thy *Beautie* to mine vtmoſt wit.

To thee, I, both a *Friend* and *Louer* am,
Yet euery *Louer* is no *Conſtant Friend*,
But who a *Friend* in *Nature* is and *Name*,
As *Louer* true begins, and true doth end :
Thy trueſt *Friend* am I, more then another,
And vnto thee the faithfullſt loyalſt *Louer*.

Vertue (in me) *Affection* ſhall ſubdue,
Wiſedome, all *Luſt*, my *Friendſhip* ſweeteſt *Beautie*,
Ile not be fickle, falſe, but conſtant, true,
Seruing thee ſtill, with all reſpect of *Dutie* ;
And when I ſhall be buried, dead and gone,
My *Ghost* ſhall (as thy *Slaue*) thee tend vpon.

H

Ah

A L B A .

Time was and is, and euer shall be still,
That I to honor thee will neuer spare,
But for to call it *Loue* or *Pure Goodwill*,
I neuer durst, although I seemde to dare,
Then suffer me, to follow this my Vaine
Flattering my selfe, although I nothing gaine.

None pleased hath mine eyes, but ALBA bright,
None but sweete ALBA doth possesse my Hart,
Mine eares in ALBA, onely take delight,
And this my Soule, from ALBA nere shall part.
To follow thee, all *Fortunes* Ile forsake,
And vnto thee alone, my selfe betake.

The Gods haue set such difference twixt our state,
That all must be, pure *Dewtie*, *Reuerence* ;
Nothing I must terme LOVE (such is my *Fate*,)
Except thou daine, therewith for to dispence.
And since I know that so thou dost command,
I condescend will to it out of hand.

Yet my *Vnspotted Thoughts*, my *pinning Corse*,
My *Discontented Life*, let them obtaine
One blessed *Fauour* through thy kinde remorse,
Though they not merit least part of the fame.
So I with Ioy shall end my wearie daies,
And dying, found abroad thy nere dying Praise.

H 2

If

The Introduction of the last Part

I FORTUNE has a power, and we are bound
 To her to live, and she will have her way,
 As she will have her will, and she will have her way,
 As she will have her will, and she will have her way,
 As she will have her will, and she will have her way,
 As she will have her will, and she will have her way,

*It is by the trial of temptation, that
 We know our selves, and our own hearts,
 And how far we are from being true,
 And how far we are from being true,
 And how far we are from being true,
 And how far we are from being true.*

*No Wretched Thought, such things within my heart,
 Since 'as my Guide, I follow thy true Eyes,
 Sparkes of true Vertue in me now are set,
 Inspired by those beames in my heart's night.
 Those with an sacred flame set me on fire,
 The richest pathes of Honour is my fire.*

*By these conducted to Eternall Joy,
 I hope for to be lifted up to th' Skies,
 From all Disgrace, from trouble and annoy,
 Where, (of my selfe) I nere durst mount so high.
 Be gracious then (Sweete Goddesse) of my Thought,
 For thy power tis, doth make me soare aloft.
 Il Disgratiato. R. T. G.*

CERTAIN
DIVINE POEMS
WRITTEN BY THE
forefaid Author R. T.
Gentleman.



Imprinted at London by F. K. for
Matthew Lownes.

!

!

Deo, Optimo, Maximo.

With Teares in Eyes, with drops of Blood from Hart,
With skalding sighs from inward griued Soule,
A CONVERTITE, from *Vaine LOVE* now I part,
Whilst, for my *Sinnes* fore *Heauen* I do condole.
I know, and knowledge I haue liued wrong,
And wilfull fought mine owne Destruction long.

The *Temple* of my Heauenly GOD I haue,
For *earthly Goddesse*, stainde blasphemously,
Selling my selfe to *Satan* for his *Slaue*,
Whilst I transgreft in vile *Apostasie*.
Banisht my selfe I haue from *Paradise*,
Through *thrifles Toyes* of *base-borne Vanities*.

O thou that on swift *Cherubins* dost ride,
Creator of all Creatures that do liue,
Whose Loue was such as thou for Man hast dide,
Though he thee hated, skorned, and did grieue :
Vouchsafe to view and rue my desprate state,
And me once more from sinne regenerate.

Ah looke vpon me with milde *Mercies* eye,
Clense me with purest Water of thy *Grace* :
Remember not how I haue gone awry,
Since I renounce to runne more such a Race.
Ah *glorious Spouse*, thy Beautie I desire,
For now to *Heauen*, not *Earth*, my Thoughts aspire.
H 4 *Griefe*

A L B A .

Thrice precious purse, by daintie Hand ywrought,
Of Beauties First Borne, Fauours rightfull Heire,
Not for a world of wealth, purchast or bought,
But freely giuen (for Loue) by ALBA faire :
 Giuen to me, vnworthie of the fame,
 As one not meriting so great a Gainc.

Tis not the richnes hereof, though tis much,
Nor rarenes of the worke surpassing skill,
That I account of, though that it be such,
As euery eye, with masement it doth fill :
 But caufe t'was made by that Alconquering Hand,
 Whose becke, euē Loues own self doth countermaäd.

Dan Fortunatus Bagge, which Histories
Affirme, endles to be for golden store,
And that it helde of Quoyne Infinities,
To this my purse is needy, bafe and poore :
 Golde in the inside (onely) of his purse was feene,
 But mine, hath (alwaies) Golde without and in.

Pure gold tis wrought with, yet her Haires more bright,
Saft is the Silke, more fast her snowie skinne,
Orient the Perle, yet are her teeth more white,
The Cullers rare ; her cheekes the prife tho, winne :
 Ah precious Purse, where what I doe beholde,
 Are Cullours rare, fine Perle, fast Silke, pure Golde.
Warne

Diuine Poems.

Thou *wandering Spirit*, to whom *Ioue* doth commit
(Of this my Body fraile) the gouernment :
Why, gadding thus from *Truth* so farre dost flit ?
Why, are thine eyes with wilfull blindnes pent ?
 Why, dost not marke what *Danger* is at hand ?
 What damned *Death* doth at thine elbow stand ?

Ah, be not flattred with this poyfenous LOVE,
But call thy former Wits to thee againe :
Those wicked Thoughts roote out, and hence remoue,
Whilst Life in thee to do it doth remaine,
 What Mortall is, by mortall Death suppressse,
 Thy *Gain* shall be the more, thy *Losse* the lesse.

Heauen once thy *Mansion* was, and dwelling place,
Now *Hell* thou seekst by running thus astray,
Vnhappie Soule to be in such a case,
So wilfully to seeke thine owne *Decay* :
 Thou woundst thy *selfe*, to *God* a *Rebell* th'art,
 And only striu'st to please the *World* in Hart.

Alas, in whom now dost thou put thy trust ?
On whom dost thou relie, or hope on now ?
Ah turne, and (still) liue shalt thou with the *Iust*,
Ah turne againe, and trebble blessed thou :
 Thou, then shalt be, whereas the *Blessed* are, (*Starre.*
 Poore Soule, mongst *Soules*, mongst *Stars*, a brightsome
 Whats

Divine Poems.

What's *God*? The *Source* of *Goodnes* and the *Spring*.
What is that *Goodnes*? Such a *Goodnes* sound
As aye increaseth without perishing.
How is it made? In frame and fashion Round,
Like to a *Forme* that in it doth containe,
His *End* and his *Beginning* in the same.

This *Goodnes*, (first) from whence did it proceede?
Three proper *Vrines* there be, that forth do runne,
Out of one *sacred Sea*, from *Heaven* decreede,
Which compasse doth, All, what so ere sees *Sunne*.
Cannot we see it? This *ESSENCE* most *Divine*,
No Mortall Man hath scene at any time.

How can it then be, if it neere be scene,
That it our mindes (oft lifteth vp on High)
As if in *Vision* we in *Heaven* had beene?
It makes vs view such *Wonders* with *Faiths* eye,
With *Faiths* cleere eye which shines to us so bright,
As vnto *Heaven* it is our *Guide* and *Light*.

What is that *Faith*? A *Gift*, which if *Defa*?
In him, that firme beleeueth, be not found,
It blindfold leades him (yet with steps direct)
Vnto that place, where perfect Ioyes abound.
Where *God*, the *Father*, *Sonne*, and *Holy Ghost*,
Doe raigne in *Glorie* great, of *Mightiest* most.

Thou

Diuine Poems.

Thou LIFE which Life art calde, and yet art *Death*,
Thou DEATH, which *Death* art termde, and yet art *Life*,
Say ; which of you maintaine my vitall breath,
Within this wretched Vale of Worldly strife ?
 Say, which prolongs my *Life*, most of you Twaine ?
 Or thou LIFE, or thou DEATH : say both the fame.

I (more then LIFE) straight DEATH doth answer make.
Nay, I (quoth LIFE) farre more then DEATH, to me,
And for this Cause this only Name I take
Of LIFE, which by my meanes alone can be.
 Because whilst I within thy *Body* liue,
 Death no way can thee hinder, hurt, or grieue.

But I, by cutting off (DEATH straight replies)
This slender Thred, whereby Men runne their race,
Bring euery *Faithfull soule*, in friendly wise,
Where he a better path (for aye) may trace,
 Making him leade a *Life* eternallie,
 A LIFE, that (still) doth liue, and neuer die.

Wherefore, what ere he be, that meanes to ioy
This other LIFE that is *Celestiall*,
He must not scorne (to scape from worlds annoy)
Nor thinke it much, to come when DEATH shall call.
 For DEATH, not LIFE, doth help vs at the end,
 LIFE is our Foe, but DEATH, our dearest Friend.

All

SECRET

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

15 JAN 1946

MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD

SUBJECT: [REDACTED]

1. [REDACTED]

2. [REDACTED]

3. [REDACTED]

4. [REDACTED]

5. [REDACTED]

6. [REDACTED]

7. [REDACTED]

8. [REDACTED]

9. [REDACTED]

10. [REDACTED]

11. [REDACTED]

12. [REDACTED]

13. [REDACTED]

14. [REDACTED]

15. [REDACTED]

16. [REDACTED]

17. [REDACTED]

18. [REDACTED]

19

Diuine Poems.

That *Vertue*, through whose power rulde is my foule ;
(Only through *Vertuous Loue*, from Loue set free)
Takes force afresh as one that would controule :
And finding stronge within himselfe to bee,
 Vnbridled Will he seekes to bridle now,
And tries to breake what fore he scarce could bow.

New Lords, new lawes ; New Customes breake the Olde,
And where before a dark and mistie clowde,
My minde as in a prifon did infolde,
Now is it loofde from out that gloomie shrowde :
 My Hart doth iump euen iust with his desire,
And by their Eye know both what to require.

My watchfull *Soule* recouered hath well nie,
The former state in which he liued in :
And being free, doth call to memorie,
VVhat (bound) he did forget through wretched fin,
 VVhile for his life repentant he attends,
Immortally to liue for his amends.

Not any part there is of Bodie mine,
But filled is with true, not false Delight :
Yet doth it grieue still at her former Crime,
And with *Remorse* doth mortifie the Spright,
 VVhilst wronged Soule, on Others layes the blame,
Yet reprehends her selfe euen for the fame.

This

Diuine Poems.

This *earthly Beautie* doth the *Sence* delight,
But *Heauenly Beautie* doth the *minde* more please :
The one the World hath as an Object right,
And seekes the *World* to pleasure with sweet ease :
 But th'other hath *Iehouah* for hir glasse,
 Nor she for any but for him doth passe.

The *Sence* doth burne with *Loues* vnperfect works,
Which like a blaze in th'aire doth flit away :
The *Soule* thirsts after that which neuer hurts,
And hunts for that which neuer will decay :
 That, which not subiect is to any time,
 But of itselfe most Perfect and Diuine.

Thou (*Lord*) the *Mortall* and *Immortall* both
Created hast; marke humbly I require,
How much within my bodie they be wroth ;
Marke how within me, gainst me they conspire ;
 VVithin them felues they vary so and grudge,
 That which of both shall win tis hard to iudge.

My bad *Conceits* from *Adam* sprung of yore,
Doo headlong runne to endles death with shame :
And lesse that *Reason* do them bridle fore,
Hardly my *Soule* can passe from whence it came.
 Then pardon *Lord* the *Course* that I haue runne,
 And I from *Sinne* a *new Man* will become.

A

Diuine Poems.

A *Tirant* great, *faire Beautie* is in *Loue*,
When it doth triumph in a louely face :
And who with cold *Disdaine*, this doth not moue,
Is caught by subtill sweet alluring Grace :
 Who stands at *Beauties Gaze*, and doth not flie,
 Is soone entrapt by wilfull *glancing eye*.

This which of true *Loue* is but *Piçture* bare,
With shadowing Vale doth dimme our cleereft sight :
And if to follow it we do not spare,
It soone deceiues vs with a false delight,
 And to perpetual prifon fends our foule,
 Vnles her sleights by *Reason* we controule.

Faire *Pearle*, fine gold, base *excrements* of th'earth ;
Whats *Beautie*, but a little *White* and *Red* ?
Reuiued with a little liuely *Breath*,
With *Winde*, or *Sunne*, or *Sicknes* altered ?
 All this doth *Time* consume and bring to nought,
 And all what ere into this world is brought.

The faireft *Colours* drie and vanifh fhall ;
The *yongft* muft pack as well as doth the *Olde* :
All mortall things to mortall death muft fall,
And therefore firft were caft in earthly molde.
 That which doth florifh greene as graffe to-day,
 To morrow withereth like to dried Hay.

Swift

Divine Poems.

Swift flies our yeares as doth a running streame,
And lothed *Age* comes stealing on apace :
Our youth doth passe away as twere a Dreame,
And Death doth follow for to take his place :
 Death comes, and our *Lifes patent* to his hand
 For to refigne, he straight doth vs command.

Strength to his course, and winde vnto his flight,
VVith feathers to his wings, *Time* ioyneth fast :
And this sweet life which we so much do like,
Though nere so loth, yet must away at last.
 The fairest Flower must wither with the weede,
 VVhat so doth liue, to die was first decreede.

Thrice happie man and trebble blest is he,
That neuer treads his steps from rightest way,
Nor with the mist of VVorld will blinded be :
But keepes right path, and neuer goes astray :
 Contemning all these mundaine *Treasures* base,
 In hope to ioy the heauenly *Wealth of Grace*.

VVho dyeth ill, dyes ; who dieth well, neuer dies,
But liues a life aboue Eternallie :
Like good *Elias*, who in wondrous wise,
VVas from base Earth tooke vp to liue in skie :
 VVhere bide *Th' elect of Christ* for euer blest,
 In Abrahams bosome there for aye to rest.

For

Diuine Poems.

For thee my HART doth burne like fire (Deare Lord)
Which freesde before like Frost and *chillie Ice*,
For thee to leaue my *finne* I doe accord ;
Through which thy heauenly grace I did despise.
All *Follies* now, as *Shadowes* vaine Ile leaue,
And vnto thee (the *Substance* trew) I cleaue.

In thee I burne, and in my selfe I freefe,
Frozen through feare, but burning through thy Loue,
Raison ore *Senses* mine, now ouer sees :
And her Authoritie ore them doth proue.
Which makes me humbly call to thee for grace,
Though (proud) before I runne a selfe wild race.

Repentance right, sad *Griefe*, salt *Teares*, sure *Faith*,
Renue in me a forie *Contrite Hart* :
My guiltie *Conscience* oft within me saith,
I Death deferue, yet Merciful thou art :
Sighs from my soule I offer for my Fee,
As *pretious Blood* thou offredst once to mee.

My *Hart* now clenfde (and yet not mine as now)
Sweet *Christ* to thee his first Home turnes againe,
From me he flies, and vnto thee doth bow :
I giue it thee, Accept I pray the fame.
Ah *Soueraigne Sauour*, do not now despise
A *broken Hart*, for *pleasing Sacrifice*.

I

Weake

Divine Poems.

Weake is my *Bark* in which my *Life* doth rowe,
My wretched life, through grievous faults mispent,
And in the World (his *Ocean*) sayles but flow,
Because it falles into the *Occident* :

My sickly *Minde* runnes selfe same doubtfull way,
And *Soule* doth grieve that *Fancie* so doth stray.

And though a gentle calme *Winde* to blowe,
She findes about her, as she fresh doth sayle,
Yet vnder Waters doe I spie belowe,
The *Foe* of my poore *Soule* her to assaile :
And in that part wherein he doth espie
The Ship to leake, in that he clofe doth lie.

Ah, now it grieues me, now I doe repent
My *retchlesse Race*, that I so lewd haue runne,
Yet hath my *God* in mercie to me sent
Helpe to my Vessell weake, else I vndone :
Hope at the left hand standes, that part to guide,
And constant *Faith* on right hand doth abide.

Earth was my flesh before, and earth againe
Ere long it shall be, but my *Soule* on hie,
Shall be lift vp in brightest *Heavens* to raigne,
If I from false alluring *Sinne* can flie :
When at his feete, who first life to me gaue,
A glorious Seat for euer I shall haue.

Full

Diuine Poems.

Full 7. times foure of yeeres my life hath runne,
Whil't to my felfe a *heauy Burthen* fore,
To others I a gainelesse charge become,
Soyled with beastly *Thoughts* vncleanly gore :
 Whil't in true Light being blind I farther goe
 From *Reasons* path which Iudgement did me show.

Slow to good works, but too too swift to ill,
My *Soule* abroad with flitting wings doth flie,
And in the worlds darke bottom of *selfe will*,
Mongst 1000. Snares she carelesly doth lie.
 Where sensuall *Sense* and *Ignorance* astray
 Her doubtfull leades, quight out of her right way.

Too obstinate she headlong forward runnes,
In greatest *Light* she tumbleth in most darke,
Nor takes she thought what of her felfe becomes,
Be it right or wrong her course she doth not marke :
 So that although Immortall she should liue,
 Most mortall Death she seekes her felfe to giue.

But now thanks to the *Soueraigne King* of all,
She (no more blinde) the dangers gins to spie,
And looking backe vnto her former fall,
She doth repent through faith most heartily :
 Where she doth see of *Heauen* the narrow Gate,
 Which (once) was shut, now ope for her escape.

I 2

King

Divine Poems.

King of all *Kinges* which from thy *sacred Throne*
Doeſt marke and view from forth the *Heavens* hie,
Thy *Graces* vnto *Adams Offspring* ſhowne,
Of thy great *Loue* (although vnworthilie)
Thou that do'ſt fill with *true Delight* the minde.
With *true Delight*, wherein *true Ioy* we finde.

Behold how I, ore'laid with grieuous ſinne,
With *Soule* defil'd, with *Heart* infected ſore
Doe flie to thee, thy *Mercie* for to winne,
And with *Repentance* doe my faultes deplore :
Lord if thy *Lawes* and thee I haue offended,
Let mine old *Follies*, with new *Tears* be cleaned.

My *Sorrowes*, to my *Sinnes* are ſparkes but ſmall,
So loathſome they appeare vnto my ſight ;
On thee, I at thy *Gate of Pitiie* call,
Thou art the *Flame* that canſt them purge moſt bright.
The *Bellows* is *Amendements* pure deſire,
Which doth inflame through thy hotte louing *Fire*

Let thy great *Bountie* me forget, forgiue,
And bad *Conceits* that idle *Fancies* wrought,
Let them no more within me (working) liue,
But to *Confuſion* and *Contempt* be brought :
Oh let not *Sinne* my *Soule* ſtill *Satanize*,
But with thy Spirit the ſame *imparadiſe*.

FINIS



A most excellent patheti-
call, and passionate Letter of Duke
D'Epernoun, MINION, vnto Henry
the third, King of France and Polonia, when
through the Duke of Guises deuise and
meanes he was forbidden the
presence of the King.



Y gracious Soueraigne,
a great combate had I
in my minde, and no
little or small adoe, to
resolue my selfe what
way to take, hauing
receiued expresse com-
mandement not to approach the royall pre-
sence of your sacred Maiestie any more; a

I 3

matter

A Pafsionate

matter of no fmall confequence (as that was vnto me) and fuch as was hard for me to beleeue, and therefore not vnlikelie to be but of long refolution. Willing I was (my good Lord) to obey your letter, and fo did I; but yet, (for to make manifelt the caufe of fo fuddaine an alteration) I did greatly defire to remoue from my heart, whatfoeuer might haue difpleafed your Grace in any of my actions whatfoeuer: yet could I finde none, being thoroughly determined, and wonderouf-ly defirous to anfwer the fame with my life, and bid you farewell with a liuely and open voyce, before the face of all the world.

I moft humbly befeech your Maieftie to pardon this my Difobedience, feeing I haue not committed this fault (onely) for feare of difobeying you, but rather, becaufe I am pricked forward by the great affection I owe vnto your feruice, more then all the men in the world. I fee (Sir) I am the onely marke whereat the Enuie and Slaunder of *France* doe drawe their moft fierce Dartes of their
Rigor

of Duke D'Epernoun.

Rigor and Force; I must needes vndertake to resist, no lesse those, who are Enuyers of my good Fortune, then heretofore I haue done the Admirers thereof; not doubting, but that God will giue me the Grace, not onely to repulse thẽ, but also to beat thẽ downe with the only Sun-shining Beame of your royall Fauour, which (alone) shal suffice without any more need of other Armour; being as strong vnto me, as the foundation of a Rocke which no Accidents whatsoever shall euer be able to undermine. For I do not place in the ranck of transitory thinges, the Friendship where-with your Maiestie with so great affection so long time hath honoured me: It hath continued without ceasing with so great Goodwill, and sustayned so many sharpe assaultes, that I feare nothing at all that it should perish in one small moment and on the sodaine. Hap-hazard did not build it, Fortune therefore shall not ouerthrow it, and the workes of your Maiesties bountie, shall neuer (I hope)

I 4

yeelde

A Passionate Letter

yeeld vnto the malice of the Enemies of my Good.

Neither will I haue any other prooffe of the Eternitie of your rare Fauours towards mee, then the answer you made vnto one of the Neereft about your Maiestie, who affirming you would make me too GREAT; you answered; And fo Great will I make him, that it fhall not be in my power hereafter to vndoe him, although willingly I would. Thefe are the wordes (worthie Prince) wherewith you haue pricked forwardes the violence of my malicious ill willers; Wordes in trueth, moft worthie the greateft, nobleft and moft bountifull Monarch of the worlde. In fo much as I haue engrauen in my foule an immortall defire to make my felfe worthie the effectes thereof.

But I muft not now beholde, nor at this time looke into, what parte your Good-will hath fhewed it felfe moft firme and moft affectionate, to make famous my good Fortune

of Duke D'Epernour.

tune. The principall beginning thereof was
refolued vpon with iudgement, the sequell
with reason, and the end shall not be variable
with ill destinie. The proceedinges thereof
were voluntary; your Maiestie wil not suffer
(I trust) that the chaunce thereof should be
forced, you haue raised me out of the dust, vn-
to the greatest honours of your high Estate,
and of an vnworthie younger brother that I
was, you haue created me a great *Duke*. I am
of your owne fashioning; I hope you will not
suffer your worke to be vnperfect: and for to
lift me vp vnto the heauens of your greatnes,
you will not giue me winges of so soft a wax
that I shall melt in the violent lightnings of
the rage of mine enemies, to make me misfe-
rablie to sincke into the bottomlesse fouds
of their bloody desires. But rather contrar-
wise, that it would please you to protect me,
and to take a certaine kinde of pleasure and
pride, for to see, and beholde that the power you
haue giuen mee may bee sufficient to ouer-
throw these Infidels and base Creatures, their
aspiring

A Falsionate Letter

aspiring estate being full of discommodities,
and their diuine determinations guiltie of
horrible treasons.

But if your Maiestie desire to see the rest
and quietnesse of your poore People, imagi-
ning that I am the cause of their pouertie and
needes and not the quarrels and conflicts that
these lewde fellows haue attempted; if my
prosperitie causeth the trouble of your plea-
sures and if you thinke that ceasing the pre-
texte of your vnfained Good-will towardes
mee by the same meanes they would cease
their euill behaviours also; let vs then (Sir)
ouerthrow this good Fortune, let vs remove
that which serues for a colour to the enterpri-
ses that these turbulent Companions goe a-
bout to put them selues into possession of
your Estate; let vs overthrowe the meanes,
which they call the Motiues and occasions of
their Factions; yet in the ende it shall plainly
be seene that aspiring Ambition & cankered
Enuie of these malcontented mindes, is
the onely cynders which couers the fire,
where

of Duke D'Epernour.

where with they would imbrace your Realm, and the breake-necked ouerthrow, into which they couet to thrust your people, to accompany thẽ vnto their endles miferies. But So-ueraigne Liege, I doe not hold the liberalitie your royall Perfon hath bestowed on mee, so deare, as I doe the least of your desires, my obedience shall franckly yeeld to you, all that, which your princely Liberalitie hath bountifully giuen vnto me : whether it be to take away the colour of the warres ensuing, or to make it good (in good earnest) vpon them which beare a shewe to desire it : The losse of my Goodes, shall be the least of my Croffes : I haue alwayes considered, that Fortune giueth nothing, but what she can alwayes take againe, and that all worldly riches are of the variable condition of the world, and of the vncertaintie of mankinde. Your Maiestie which gaue mee all whatsoeuer I haue, cannot take any thing, but what was your owne (before) from me ; and willingly if you please will I yeeld vp all I haue without enforcing mine

A Passionate Letter

mine owne will at all: I will more easily discharge my selfe of my Goods, then they may bee taken from mee. I will resigne not only the Estates, the Honors, the Offices, and Possessions, whether they be of mine owne Person, or belonging vnto my deare Wife, but also my life into your princely Handes, I say, that happie and contented life, which I owe vnto your liberall integritie; doe mee I most humbly beseech you, so great a good as to receiue it: Leauē me onely I desire so little as 10000 franckes of yeerely rent, (mine owne poore patrimonie) it shall be enough, that I may maintaine my selfe in your royall Court with the small trayne I had before you knewe mee. I shall haue sufficient, being in your presence, and your onely sight shall bee more vnto mee, then all the treasures of the earth. I will leaue without any griefe at all, vnto your Maiestie the Liuiings you haue bestowed on me, without making any other request in this respect, but onely to beseech you most humbly not to suffer that mine enemies,
namely

of Duke D'Epernoun.

namely those who haue plaied mee no small bad pranks about you, should be put in possession and inuested with my spoyles: neither to suffer them to finde their happiness through the losse of mine owne good Fortune, nor that they may haue cause to erect them glorious *Trophées* of mine vnderferued ouerthrow: for that (only) and only that alone, would be the greatest aduersitie, that losse of wealth or goods might bring vnto me.

See then my (gracious Lord) the account I make of riches. But of your gracious Favours I haue in such ample wise promised my selfe the eternitie thereof, and haue taken such a HABIT in the possession of the same, that this Custome is turned into a naturall Order. I cannot draw breath, but with thē, & my life hath no mouing but their *influence*: that day wherein they shall bee taken from mee, shall be the last of my life, and the separation of them, cannot bee without the parting of my soule out of this body: which notwithstanding I will holde for very fortunate, to
haue

A Passionate Letter

haue so honorable a subiect, and will not a little glorie to haue so long and well liued; that I haue been thought worthie the friendship of so great and mightie a Monarch, who hath so much esteemed thereof, as not to haue been able to liue without it.

One of the most apparent signes that your Royall selfe gaue me of your rare Affection toward me is, in that you haue alwaies desired to haue had me neere about you. Then I most humbly beseech your Maiestie, let me not (now) be banisht far from you; Banish rather my Fortune then my Person, they rather gape at it, than at my selfe; It is not at the youngest Sonne of VALETTA, that these spiteful oppressors doe seeke to take holde of, but it is on the Duke *D'Epernon*, and to his princely greatnes: they are rather enemies of the Effects, than of the Cause, and desire rather the possessions than the absence of the Possessor. Suffer not then (deare Soueraigne) this his forced withdrawing, whom you haue so greatly loued, and change not
your

of Duke D'Epernoun.

your royall countenance from him at this time, with ill fortune.

Notwithstanding (most gracious Prince) if of my being far off, dependes the rest and quietnes of your poore people, and the execution of your Maiesties worthie will and pleafure, I will not gaineſay it at all: rather would I bee as low vnder the earth, as you haue raifed mee on high in dignitie. Your commaundements herein, as in all other things, ſhall bee my Counſellors: your will ſhall be a law vnto me, and your defires my affections. It is more reaſon that I ſhould periſh, then your Wil & Heafts be vnaccomplished, feeing I was not raifed up, but by thoſe meanes.

I praife God, for that he hath left me one comfort in this my luckles defaſter: that is, to know my ill hap, and not my fault, my hard fortune, and not my King, my Enuious and not my iuſt Enemies doe ſeeke this my fall. My iuſt behauiour hath not any way cauſed it, and therefore it will not leaue mee any
place

A Pafsionate Letter

place of repentance, for my foule is free from all scruple and doubt, and my vpright intentions of all offences towards your Maieftie. Besides this, I haue placed the friendship wherewith it hath pleased you to honour me, in a perfect heart, not tainted at all. I call thereof to witnes, the *Diuinitie of your excellent Spirit*, which neuer deceiueth it selfe in the knowledge of his owne. Amongst which in despight of the rage of his enemies (who are almost in despaire) I will appeare in loyall sincerenesse of zeale, and in dutifull obedience, as the Sunne amidst the Starres, and I will make it to be seene, that the jelousie of my pestilent Slaundersers, is a meere iniurie of time, and my life a splendant light of your Kingdome. Neyther call I to minde these matters, for that I feare you suspect mee of horrible ingratitude or beastly forgetfulnes. The rare manner wherewith you haue bound mee vnto you, was such as could not come from a rude *Scythian*, but from a most magnanimous King, who hath
restored

of Duke D'Epernour.

restored a wofull heart cruelly wounded, to happie life, being therefore obliged vnto his princely Throne for ever. So that my Actions hereafter, and not my wordes at this present time, shall answere for my continuall loyalty. I will euermore haue in memorie the liberalitie of my Prince, as a passing pleasing witnesse of the honorable affection hee hath borne me, and will repute that day accursed, wherein I shall not thinke of the happinesse he hath done vnto me; being not able as now to doe him any other duetie.

Then (my sweete Soueraigne) honour me I beseech you alwayes with your Commaundements; it shall be a kinde of comfort vnto mee, to bee euer employed in your Princely Seruice. Adiew, my good Lord, adiew: the greatest good I possesse in this life, is, the happy thought of your gracious Fauour. I beseech you, still to preferue me therein, and to beleeeue that neuer soule seperated it selfe from a goodly bodie, with greater grief then *E'Pernoun* now hath, in being diuided from your Maiesty: and not a little do I complaine, for that Fortune hath no other meanes to beat

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A Passionate Letter

mee downe, then in depriving mee of your noble presence, in such sort as it hath done.

But since it hath pleased God and your Maiestie, I shoulde withdrawe my selfe from you, I beseech his goodnesse, that there may remaine with you as great ioy, as in parting from you, I carry away both heauinesse and anger; that it may please his holy spirit to conduct and fauour you in such sort in your enterprises, that your Good may be as faithfully sustained, as I would desire to see manifested the Fauorers of the troubles of your Realme, and the iust punishment due vnto them, for their rash Wilfulnesse, and ouer presumptuous Boldnesse, to the glorie of God, the encrease of your Maiesties Royaltie, the health of your People, & the contentment of your magnanimous and Princely Desires.

*Your no lesse dutifull, then sorrowfull Subiect,
for that he must loose the sweete sight
of your Princely Maiestie.*

**Iean Louis de Nogaret
Duke D'Eprouen.**

FINIS.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Verso of title-page—This stanza appears also in Tofte's *Orlando Inamorata* (1598).

Page 3, '*Mistresse Anne Herne*'—see our Introduction on this lady; st. 1, l. 4, '*crafed*'=weakened, or query, the Poet's '*fine madness*'; st. 2, '*Bankrouters*'=bankrupts. Nares, *s.v.* (verb), quotes Byron's *Conspiracy* (by Chapman *not* by Thorpe as he says, who was merely the publisher).

"He that wins empire with the loss of faith
Outbids it, and will *bankrout*" (act iv).

st. 3, l. 2, '*nouell*'=new. So p. 120, st. 2, l. 5. So Shakespeare (sonnets 123, 3), '*nothing novel*'; l. 3, '*remorse*'=pity—cf. l. 6.

„ 4, l. 4, '*stint*'=stop or cause to cease. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, act i, sc. 3, 'it stinted and said Ay.' See ll. 45, 49, 58, 59—read '*neredying*'; l. 6, '*Christfall Brooke*'—the maiden name of Mrs. Herne was 'Brooke.' See dedication, p. 5, to her father.

„ 5, '*Sir Caliphines Brooke*'—see our Introduction on this odd Christian-named 'knight'; st. 1, l. 4, '*Surquedrie*'=pride, ostentation; l. 5, '*Coronell*'—"The original Spanish word for *colonel*. This fully accounts for the modern pronunciation of the latter word, *cornel*."

"Afterwards their *coronell*, named Don Sebastian, came forth to intreat that they might part with their armes like souldiers" (Spenser's *State of Ireland*). "He brought the name of *coronel* to town, as some did formerly to the suburbs, that of lieutenant or captain" (Flecknoe's *Enigm. Characters*). That is, as a good travelling name, for disguise. Our early dictionaries also give *coronel* for colonel. (Nares, *s.v.*) So '*coronich*' for '*cornice*.' The double spelling (then used) is thus accounted for, '*Coronel*' Sp., '*Colonello*' Ital.; st. 2, l. 4, '*Pitie and Remorse*'—really equivalent words, and the second simply *r.gr.*; l. 5, '*Kerns*'=Irish foot-soldiers, poor and savage. Cf. *Richard II.*, act ii, sc. 1, and *Macbeth*, act i, sc. 3; st. 3, l. 3, '*noblest*'=ennoblest; l. 4, '*Palme-rising Fame*'—meaning straight and lofty as a palm, or against all difficulties as the weighted palm-tree (a favorite contemporary metaphor) rise sup the more it is sought to be kept down; also a sub-allusion to the 'palm of victory'; l. 6, '*Minion*,' Fr. *mignon*=favorite—later, deteriorated into a bad sense.

„ 6, l. 5, '*lously Face*'—see Introduction on this as applied to a male in relation to Shakespeare's Sonnets.

annoy; the 'R. A.' is also unknown, unless Robert Allott — certainly not Armin.

- Page 17, st. 1, l. 1, '*Porpo/e*' = porpoise; l. 6, '*disliude*' = deprived of life. So Chapman (*Odys*, xxii), "Tolemachus *disliued* Amphimedon"; *ibid.*, '*unharted*' — similarly deprived of heart; st. 2, ll. 5-6, '*ground*' — a play on the two meanings of the word 'ground,' the musical sense in which it is opposed to 'descant,' and the common sense; st. 3, l. 2, '*meßfull*' = sorrowfull, as onward; st. 4, l. 3, '*e[a/e]*' — here and elsewhere, where the unique exemplar is slightly imperfect, the *lacuna* are filled in; l. 5, '*is*' — misprint for 'in.'
- „ 18, heading, '*Alba Crudeliffima*' — here and elsewhere misprinted in the original 'Alla'; st. 1, l. 1, read '*deare-bought*'; st. 4, l. 3, [And whom] — Mr. Swinburne suggests [Yet me]; l. 4, '*too too*' — note this contemporaneous and later frequent reduplication. So also p. 21, st. 2, l. 2, *et alibi*; l. 5, [Alas] — again Mr. Swinburne suggests, [For all] . . . and l. 6, [Do bu]t . . ., all self-evidently superior readings; last line, '*Troinouant*,' *i.e.*, dated from London.
- „ 20, st. 1, l. 2, '*Brands*' = fire-brands or torches; st. 2, l. 4, '*swelt*' = sweat — so swelter; st. 4, l. 3, '*nich*' = much, *r.gr.*; last line, '*Mirth is turnde to None*' — another commonplace of contemporary phrasing. See Introduction.
- „ 21, st. 2, l. 3, '*mickle*' = much.
- „ 22, st. 1, l. 2, read, 'I like mine Alba's angel's heauenly *feature*' = person; l. 3, '*Corfe*' = Corpus; st. 2, l. 4, '*A Sdainfull*' = a disdainfull. So *frequenter*. See Introduction.
- „ 23, st. 2, l. 3, '*Feature*' = person, as before; st. 3, l. 2, '*Counterfate*' = counterfeit. Cf. p. 17, st. 3, l. 3. So Shakespeare, "fair Portia's *counterfeit*" (*Merchant of Venice*, act iii, sc. 2), "sleep Death's *counterfeit*" (*Macbeth*, act ii, sc. 3), and "*counterfeit* presentment" (*Hamlet*, iii, 4); last line, '*Fano*' — dated thence — see Introduction.
- „ 24, st. 1 — this would indicate that 'Alba' was that most dangerous of animals, a young widow — who had given birth to a posthumous child; for else Tofte never could have 'wooed' her as he (still) does in his poem.
- „ 25, st. 1, l. 3, '*traine*' = entice or draw in. Sir Richard Baker, in his epistle-dedicatory of his *Apologie for Lay-Mens Writing in Divinity* (1641), having designated his little book a 'tract,' thus continues — "I may justly cal it a tract, seeing *I have beene drawn to write it*, as it were by violence, least I should yeeld myselfe guilty of prophane presumption, for writing in arguments of Divinity, being but a Layman." This is a noticeable illustration of the word in relation to 'track,' 'train,' &c., &c.; st. 3, l. 3, '*For thee into this world I willing came*' — an

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- st. 3, l. 3, '*nonce*' = the occasion; st. 4, l. 1, '*calleth for his Booke*' = claims benefit of clergy.
- Page 36, st. 3, l. 3, '*(my thinks)*' = me-thinks, as before; l. 5, '*uncouth*' = strange; st. 4, l. 3, '*disflu'd*' — see note on p. 17, st. 1, l. 6.
- „ 37, st. 2, l. 4, '*their*' = Victorie and Pomp; last line — dated 'Roma.'
On p. 37 see Introduction.
- „ 38, st. 1, l. 1, '*Giniper*' = juniper; st. 2, l. 5, Mr. Swinburne suggests to read —
' Shall (though it now sanns blemish be or Staine)'
— certainly better; l. 6, '*Clifts*' = clefts.
- „ 39, st. 1, l. 3, '*hugie*'; l. 4, '*glifflering*.' So Spenser's *Prothala*. —
" Hot Titan's beames, which then dld *glyster fayre*"
l. 6, '*vastie*.' Cf. p. 40, st. 1, l. 6, '*cooly*' — as before, Tofte affects these forms; st. 2, l. 3, '*Idea*' — as in Drayton, Daniel, &c.; st. 3, l. 5, read 'Acanthus-like'; st. 4, l. 5, read 'Globe-like world'; last line, dated again from 'Fano.'
- „ 40, st. 3, l. 1, '*Sallow*' = willow — still in use both in England and Scotland; st. 3, l. 6, '*feltred*' = matted. This is earlier than Nares's example from Fairfax's *Tasso*:
" His *felter'd* locks that on his bosom fell
On rugged mountains briers' and thorns' resemble."
So Chapman, 'a *feltred* ram' (*Iliad*, iii, 219).
- „ 41, st. 1, l. 4, '*Denay*' = denial.
- „ 42, st. 4, l. 5, '*heroldize*' = heraldize or proclaim.
- „ 43, st. 1, l. 3, '*Tortors*' = tortures.
- „ 44, st. 4, l. 4, 'Though not,' &c. Cf. 'Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo' (*Virgil*, *Aeneid* 7, 312).
- „ 45, st. 1, l. 6, '*Noy*' = annoy, as before; st. 4, l. 6, '*leffe*' = unless.
- „ 46, st. 3 — see Introduction.
- „ 47, st. 2, l. 1 — a proverbial saying as is the previous line 'Honi soit,' &c.; l. 3, '*bay*' = a hunting metaphor — he talks of bringing his foe to 'bay' or 'to an abbaie,' which is when the hunted one 'turns head' and the dogs 'bay' at him. Cf. p. 25, st. 1, l. 4; l. 6, '*lecke*' = lack, but see Introduction.
- „ 48, st. 3, l. 5, 'WAR IN that TOVVNE' = Warrington — but see Introduction; st. 4, l. 4, '*Beauv*' = Beau — wrongly spelled, and of wrong gender, but see Introduction.
- „ 51, st. 2, l. 1, '*pharise*' = play the Pharisee who went to the Temple and thanked God he was not as other men; st. 2, l. 6, '*unpure*' = impure — 'un' was a frequent prefix contemporaneously. See Notes and Illustrations to Robert Armin in this Series; st. 3, l. 3, '*Cote*' = coat-of-arms.
- „ 52, st. 2, l. 3, '*uncouth*' = strange, perplexing; st. 3, l. 4, '*Almes*' = a dissyllable.
- „ 53, st. 1, l. 1, '*Venus Day*' = Friday (*dies Veneris*); st. 3, l. 2, '*bid*' = abide, or rather abode.

Page 54, st. 2, l. 2, '*bandies*' = drives away or tosses as in the game of tennis, and now of Bandy; but see Introduction, as before, on Tofte's Italianisms.

l. 6, '*ouer*'—query misprint for '*euer*'? st. 3, l. 3, '*Exorde*' = persuaded to grant my prayer (*exoratus*).

„ 55, st. 1, l. 4, '*Loves Lobbie*'—a peculiar expression. Query = her mouth generally, but her lips in particular.

„ 57, st. 1, l. 5, '*boord*' = panel.

„ 59, st. 1, l. 2, '*complot*' = plot together; st. 3, l. 6, '*ioy*' = enjoy.

„ 61, st. 1, l. 6, '*Disasse*' = uneasiness.

„ 63, st. 1, l. 5, '*adulterise*'—another form that Tofte affects; st. 2, l. 6, '*disdaind*' = disdainful; st. 3, l. 2, punctuate comma before '*sharper*'—the construction is [the] sharper that they shew, the shrewder, &c.; l. 5 = [to] seeke; st. 4, l. 3, '*altering*' = differing.

„ 64, st. 2, l. 2, '*wild*' = willed.

„ 65, st. 2, l. 2, '*dalliance*' = delay; st. 4, l. 5, '*allusive*' = illusive.

„ 66, st. 2—see Introduction; st. 3, l. 2, '*serenizing*' = enjoying serenity, i.e., in fancied security. Perhaps Tofte meant '*sirenizing*' = beauty was playing the siren; st. 4, l. 5, read '*starre-crossed*.'

„ 67, st. 2, l. 1, '*O'praies*' = osprey or vulture.

„ 68, st. 2, l. 1, '*ferme*' = esteem; l. 6, '*faire*' = beauty. So *frequent* in Lodge.

„ 69, st. 3, l. 1— even with '*peereles*' as a trisyllable the line (like others) is defective; last line, dated '*Mantua*.'

„ 70, st. 1, l. 1, '*ligger*' = lie, recline; st. 2, l. 5, '*CARE . . ILL*' = Carill or Caryll—see Introduction; st. 3, l. 5, '*prake*'—Johnson defines it = to make a mean figure, to sneak, and quotes *inter alia*, *Hamlet* (ii, sc. 2):

“ Yet I, a dull and muddy mettled rascal, *prake*
Like John a-dreames,” &c.

st. 4, l. 6, '*Carewit L*'—see st. 2, l. 5 and Introduction.

„ 72, st. 2, l. 4, '*amazement*' = amarement; st. 3, l. 3, '*Querne*' = coin; st. 4, l. 2, '*Soft*'—*so* here and elsewhere = soft—a northern form?

„ 73, st. 4, l. 3, '*Cocytus*' = Cocytus.

„ 74, st. 1, l. 1, '*immur'd*' = surrounded; l. 2, '*Carnatine*' = carnation?—a variant of '*carnadine*.'

„ 75, st. 1, l. 1, '*Handkercher*' = handkerchief; st. 4, l. 6, '*Softly*'—as '*soft*' in p. 72, st. 4, l. 2, *et alibi*.

„ 76, st. 1, l. 1, '*olive*' = ebony, dark black; l. 2, '*Lazgh and favete looks on*'—some game or sport apparently. Query—'Laugh and lay down,' a game at cards.

„ 77, st. 4, '*weeping croffe*' = lamenting, penitent; but see Nares, s.v., *full note*.

„ 78, st. 4, '*where 'hawke' are kept*; l. 6, '*wherefore*'

- = where fore, *i.e.*, where before; st. 2, l. 1, '*Hollow*' = hollo or call.
- Page 80, st. 2, l. 4, '*Lawrell*' = poet laurel crowned; st. 4, l. 3, '*Straining* . . . *fight*' = sight-straining Beauties.
- „ 81, st. 3, l. 6, '*falls*' = false.
- „ 82, st. 1, l. 4, '*Corfies*' = corrosives: '*rife*'—in the sense of common is still a northern word; st. 4, l. 2, '*flalt*'—our misprint for '*fhalt*.'
- „ 85, st. 1, l. 1, '*courfe*' = coarse; l. 4, '*line*' = lain; st. 2, l. 1, '*Meft-full*' = sorrowful, as before; l. 6, '*wretchles*' = retchless, *i.e.*, careless; st. 4, '*Tortoys*' = tortoise—we say the 'crab.'
- „ 86, st. 2, l. 5, '*induratize*' = harden; st. 3, l. 6, '*remorse*' = pity; last line, dated '*Burnham*'—on which see Introduction.
- „ 87, st. 4, l. 5, '*Alcinoi daies*' = halycon or peaceful.
- „ 88, st. 3, l. 3, '*parture*' = departure; l. 4, '*Tent*' = tenter or frame used by clothiers and dyers for stretching cloth on, *i.e.*, his wits are racked.
- „ 91, st. 1-4—see Introduction.
- „ 94, st. 4, l. 5, '*Left*' = unless.
- „ 95, st. 2, l. 4, '*atonement*' = at-one-ment, reconciliation; st. 4, l. 6, '*muskle*' = muscle.
- „ 97, st. 2, l. 4, '*left*'—probable misprint for '*leffe*' = unless, but see p. 94; l. 6, '*Trull*' = slattern, and worse, but used, *r. gr.*
- „ 98, st. 1, l. 1, '*Say*' = assay; l. 2, '*Corfe*' = corpus, as before.
- „ 99, st. 4, l. 1, '*Molle*' = the mole—but see Introduction; l. 3, '*wood*' = mad.
- „ 101, st. 4, l. 1—a proverbial saying; l. 3, '*Allusions*' = delusions or illusions. Cf. on p. 65, st. 4, l. 5.
- „ 102, st. 1, l. 5, '*Carnouale*' = carnival; st. 4, l. 5, '*Petrark*'—see Introduction.
- „ 103, st. 4, l. 4, '*rew*' = pity.
- „ 104, st. 1-3—see on these important stanzas our Introduction; st. 2, l. 1. Vide Pliny ii, 55—not the olive, but the laurel is usually supposed to be exempted from lightning; st. 1, l. 1, '*Tawny and Black*' = mourning colours.
- „ 107, st. 3, l. 3, '*Roomth*' = room—why 'th' is added editor knoweth not; but it is not uncommon in authors of the time.
- „ 111, st. 4, l. 3, '*vade*' = fade; l. 5, '*Notamie*' = an anatomy, skeleton.
- „ 116, st. 1, l. 3, '*raine*' = rein.
- „ 117, title page, '*Divine Poems*'—probably a number of shorter 'occasional' pieces are here given as one poem; at any rate only the one poem is in the volume. He continues religiously in this poem (or poems) what he has sung 'vainly' in *Alba*.
- „ 119, st. 1, l. 4, '*condole*' = mourn or lament? but a somewhat odd use of the word; l. 5, '*knowledge*' = acknowledge; st. 3, l. 5, '*rue*' = pity, as before.

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2.5 'Stamp'—see at 2.5, 3.5, 3.8; at 3.5, 4. 'Stamp' = stamp
at 2.5, 3.5, 3.8, 3.9. See Richardson, p. 2.

- [illegible]

A R G.

XXXI. ROBERT TOFTE.

- Introduction l. i., l. 7, for '*mouth*' read '*month*'; p. xxiv., '*Dnabsuk*' = husband, read backward.
- Page 13, l. 3, '*alongft*'—to be noted. Cf. 94, l. 6.
- „ 44, l. 1, '*withouten*,' and 60, l. 1; p. 80, l. 7, *ibid.*
- „ 62, l. 10 (from bottom), '*Yearbes*'—noticeable old spelling—pronunciation still, dialectically.
- „ 88, l. 13, '*poſte alone*' = all alone.
- „ 107, l. 9 (from foot), '*Roomth*'—good old word.
- „ 110, st. i. l. 3—qu. '*ſetſt*'?
- „ 119, l. 3, '*convertite*'—Shakespearean word.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

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